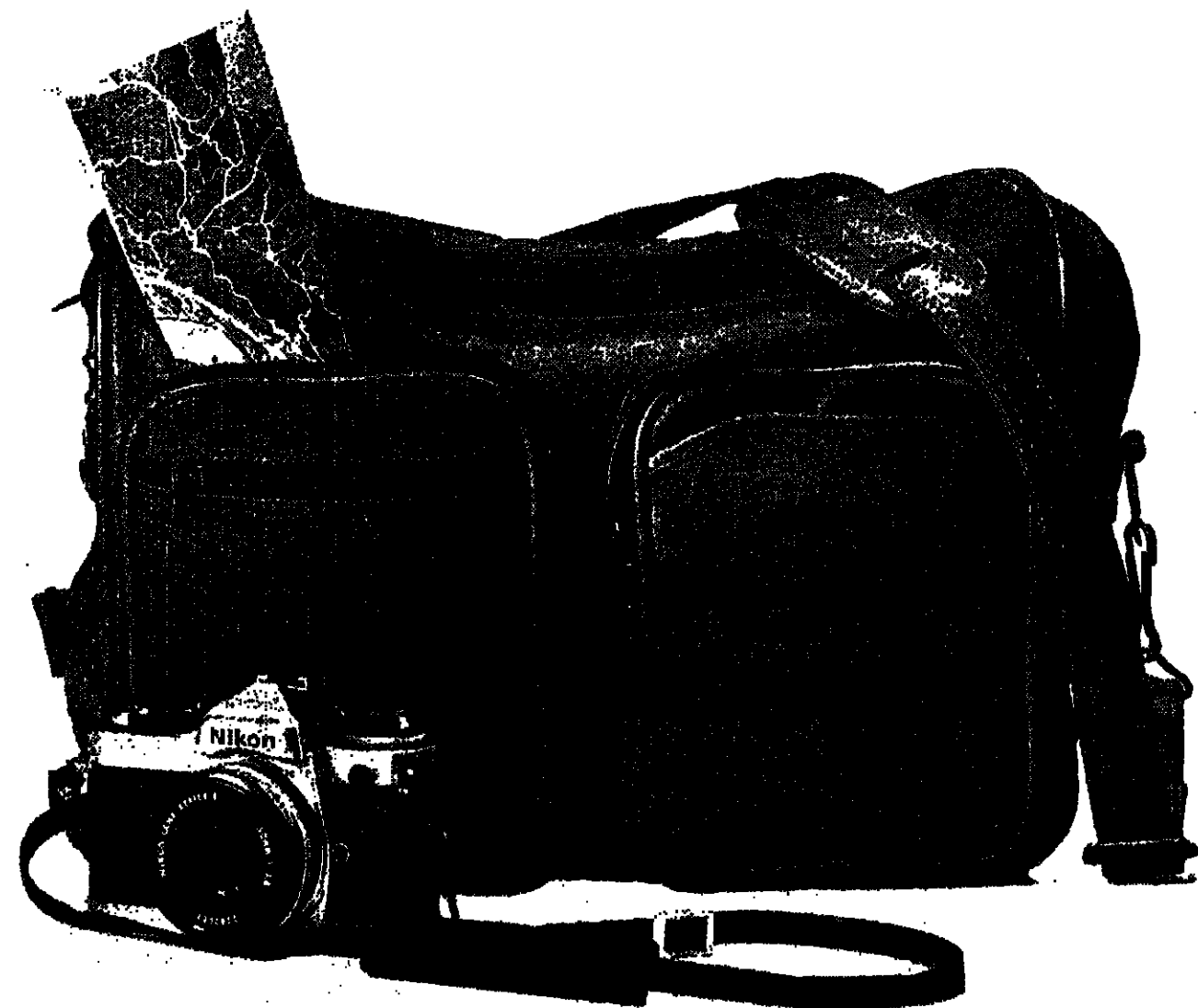


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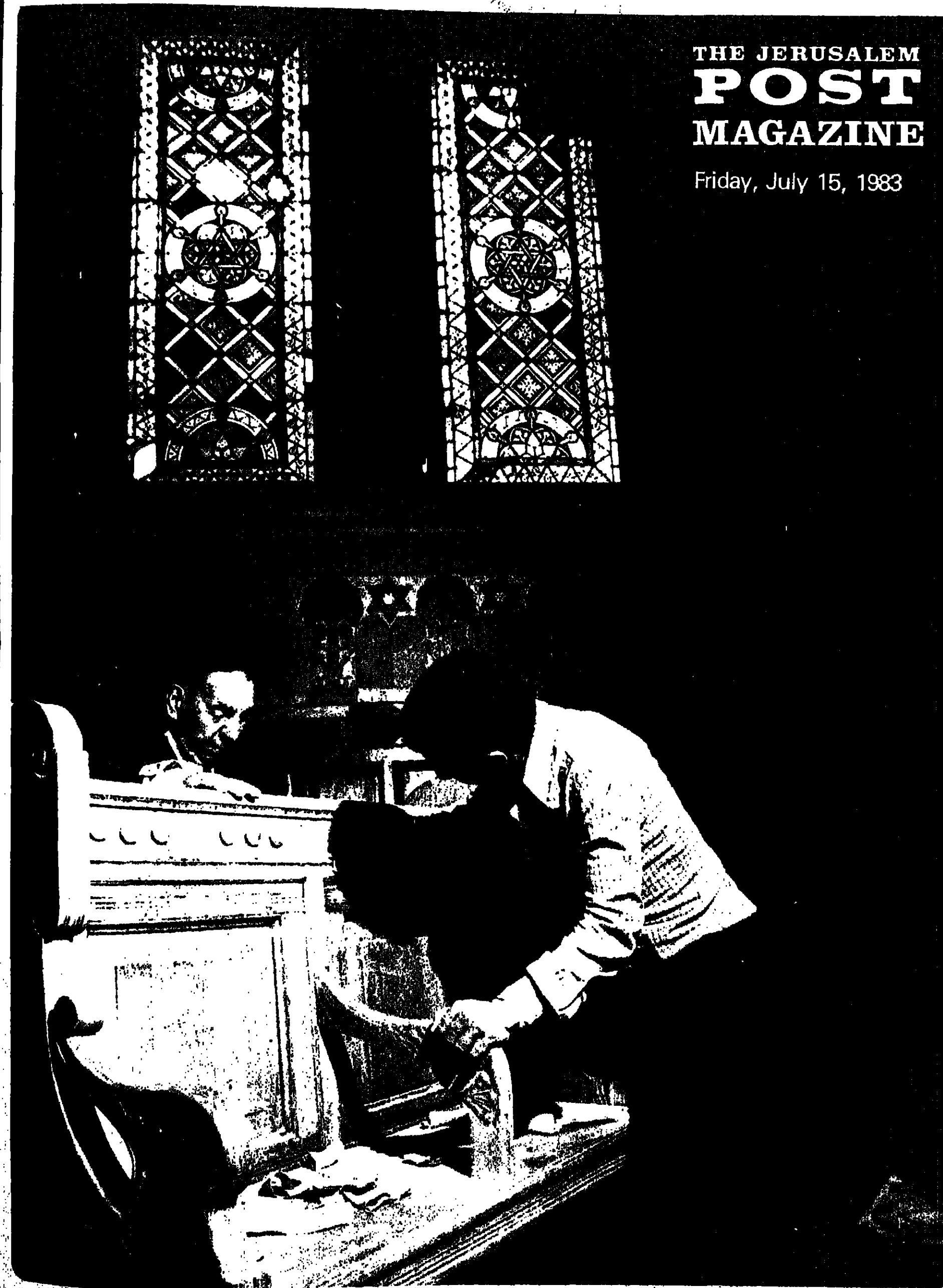
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MAGAZINE

Friday, July 15, 1983



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On the cover: Interior of main Cairo synagogue (Richard Nowitz).

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תנובה מלחם

AT A TIME when the Labour Alignment has still to field a weighty spokesman on economic affairs, an opposing voice to the government's economic policies is being heard from the very heart of the ruling party.

The Likud's whip in the Knesset Finance Committee, Yigal Cohen-Orgad, 46, has caused a wave of near-panic proportions to rock populist Finance Minister Yoram Aridor's boat by coming up with an alternative economic programme with Thatcherite overtones.

His attempt to obtain a hearing at last week's Herut Central Committee meeting was thwarted by a noisy clique of over-zealous Aridor supporters, causing committee chairman Avraham Shechterman to summarily close the meeting.

Much of the significance attached by media pundits to what is fairly routine treatment in Herut councils of anyone dissenting from views expressed by office holders lies in Cohen-Orgad's long-standing party alliance with Defence Minister Moshe Arens.

Friends of Cohen-Orgad speak of two contrasting concepts: their man's urging real economic leadership in facing the harsh realities versus Aridor's shirking from telling the nation the hard facts because of his underestimation of the people's capacity to cope with reality.

They also like to quote from a lecture by Hebrew University economics professor Yoram Ben-Porat, in which he divided Likud economic policy makers into three groups — the Liberals, like the Likud's first Finance Minister, the late Simha Ehrlich, the populists, like Finance Minister No. 3, Aridor, and the "national economy" school, into which category Ben-Porat placed the interesting trio made up of Likud Finance Minister No. 2, Yigal Hurvitz, Cohen-Orgad and Arens (interestingly enough, all three voted against the Camp David framework agreements.)

IT IS NO secret that the current rivalry over economic policy between Aridor and Cohen-Orgad has quite a history, with its roots in their long-standing factional war of attrition in Herut's Tel Aviv regional branch. For many years Aridor, along with such Tel Aviv branch bosses as the late Yosef Kremerman and his father-in-law Ya'acov Meridor (today minister of economic coordination) fought to keep Arens and Cohen-Orgad out in the cold.

It was certainly not to their liking when, in 1977, Arens became chairman of the key party central committee and deputy chairman of the party. Nor did it make them exactly ecstatic to see Arens propelled, meteor-like, to the pinnacle of national power in the wake of the debacle of the war in Lebanon. Arens's much-publicized closeness to Premier Menachem Begin has made the party establishment even less happy, especially since it is mooted that Arens is the only minister Begin currently trusts.

The near-hysterical reaction of Aridor and his camp to Cohen-Orgad's criticism can only be interpreted as another indication that the power of this once-unassailable party strongman is eroding. The fact that such a close party ally of Arens as Cohen-Orgad is even being mentioned as a likely replacement to Aridor — should he go of his own volition or not — is causing tremors throughout the party establishment.

Party bosses remember with displeasure that Arens and Cohen-Orgad were among those who

POINT OF NO RETURN

Yigal Cohen-Orgad MK has opposed Finance Minister Yoram Aridor's policies for some time; he decided to make his views public, he says, because 'we must introduce changes rights now...this summer.' The Jerusalem Post's MARK SEGAL describes the background to the dispute that is causing tremors throughout the Likud.



pioneered the change in picking Knesset candidates, removing the choice from the usual appointments committee to the central committee membership.

It is also interesting to note that, back in 1974, before the late Pinhas Sapir relinquished his hold over the economy, Cohen-Orgad (then Herut's economic whiz kid) drafted an alternative budget for the Likud, only to find his proposal defeated by Aridor and his camp.

The two clashed once more in 1975, when Cohen-Orgad initiated the idea of forming a Likud team to draw up proposals for an economic emergency regime, should U.S. aid be suspended. That was at the height of the tension between the Rabin government and the Ford Administration with its period of "reassessment." Members of the team were Arens, Prof. Yosef Rom (today their ally), Professor Zvi Ophir, then head of the Hebrew University school of business administration (today head of the industrial management course at the

College of Judea and Samaria in Ariel) and sociology professor Ozer Shild, today Haifa University rector.

It was Shild's job to evaluate likely public reaction to drastic cuts in public spending and reductions in living standards. The strongest objections in the Likud to such a scheme came from Aridor and the Liberals' Yehzekel Flomin.

Cohen-Orgad's party adversaries never forget to remind everyone of his participation in the 1966 revolt against Begin's leadership, and his quitting Herut to form the Free Centre Party along with Shmuel Tamir, Eliezer Shostak, Ehud Olmert and Akiva Nof. It took him eight years to return to his mother party, which rewarded him by coopting him onto the Knesset list in 1977.

COHEN-ORGAD grew up in a middle-class Tel Aviv home. His father belonged to Hapoel Hamizrachi and his mother was Left Poalei Zion. He was ejected from

his religious school at the age of 10 as a penalty for setting up a Betar cell there. He told me that his early political feelings stemmed from sympathy with the IZL struggle against the British.

After finishing high school, he served in the Nahal army pioneering youth and paratroop corps, and later studied for a B.A. in economics and education at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

He went on to do his M.A., at the same time working as assistant to Prof. Michael Michaeli, but left academic life in 1962 to serve under David Kochav in the formation of the economic planning authority. His activities in Herut during the Levi Eshkol premiership did not bother anyone, and he stayed there for four years.

Cohen-Orgad's attachment to Samaria is not only ideological; it is also cemented by the presence of a daughter and three grandchildren in Beit-El Bet (he has another three children). His party detractors also talk of his broad range of business

interests in the West Bank, and of the way his political position has affected his economic counselling firm in places like Jerusalem.

Just as Arens offers headline defence policies in the mildest and most presentable manner, so Cohen-Orgad's ebullient manner conceals a right-wing militancy aimed at transforming our society by dispensing with such relics of Labour rule as socialized medicine and other forms of social spending.

THIS MUST be one of the most difficult interviews I have ever conducted. Cohen-Orgad's unpunctuality is proverbial, and our conversation was punctured by his frequent exits to attend to Knesset committee business. The flow of his replies was constantly interrupted by friendly MKs and party comrades coming over to either congratulate or commiserate with him. Liberal MK Benny Shalita jocularly offered "to arrange political asylum in Venezuela," bringing Cohen-Orgad to puff even more contentedly on his favourite small King Edward cigars.

Speaking thoughtfully about the old party pros and cons back in 1974 over his draft alternative budget, Cohen-Orgad recalled Aridor's argument that the drastic measures would not be acceptable. Asked to outline the main thrust of the speech he never got a chance to deliver to the Herut Central Committee, Cohen-Orgad explained that his S.O.S. on the dangers to Israel's economic stability was twofold, comprising the growing deficit in the balance of payments, with the ensuing greater dependency on the U.S., and galloping inflation. He regards these elements "as the inherent outcome of our current policy."

When I wondered where he'd been for the past two years, the Herut MK enumerated the number of internal forums where he had been issuing his warnings. These included the Likud Knesset faction with the minister of finance, the Knesset Finance Committee coalition caucus sessions with Aridor and the committee meetings.

"I repeatedly warned that this policy would produce deleterious results as regards the deficit and inflation," he states. "I proposed alternative guidelines. What answers did I get? All the time I was told that I was simply ignoring positive trends. The minister was extremely upset that I did not accept his optimistic outlook."

Why had he chosen to go public now at the central committee?

"I felt that we had reached a point of no return — that unless we introduce changes right now, we may find ourselves obliged to pay an exceptionally heavy price in social, economic and — the Lord forbid — political terms. The summer months offer us, perhaps, a final opportunity, because they are generally easy in terms of low consumer price index levels. It will be that more difficult to do anything during the winter, when the index level usually soars."

THE PAYMENTS deficit situation was causing him deep anxiety, and it was this that prompted the MK to bring the matter before his party's central committee.

I asked why they didn't let him speak.

"It's because the chairman, Avraham Shechterman, wanted to close the meeting and exploited the opportunity offered by the row made by seven rowdies from the Aridor camp."

The concrete proposals he had in-

tended outlining were headed by measures to reduce excess liquidity in the public's hands, which Cohen-Orgad felt induced "the present climate of imaginary prosperity." He was for real cuts, as long as they did not affect basic commodities. Then he would reduce the level of banking credit, a matter subject to the responsibility of the Treasury and the Bank of Israel. That would have an immediate impact on the levels of consumption "and day-to-day expectations." Here he criticized the sizeable increase in banking credit, which, he argued, was eight per cent over the index.

The MK realized that the effects of his measures would be swiftly felt by the average household. "The main sufferers will be the upper and middle classes, but I have no magic wand to offer them," he said, almost ferociously, when I wondered at the cost in human terms. What mattered, he stressed, was to protect the lower income strata.

Cohen-Orgad then dwelt on how the government had this year subsidized imports by paying that much more to exporters.

"We cover the difference in payment per dollar by printing money. We have let the printing presses produce IS50 billion this year alone. We encourage people to buy imported goods. Then we subsidize foreign travel by more than IS7 billion, by giving dollars at less than IS50 per dollar, although we pay IS60 to exporters," he declared indignantly.

Smiling at my horror when he urged that the shekel devaluation be speeded up now to IS60 per dollar, he inveighed against "subsidizing those who can afford it," explaining that "if I go abroad and spend \$3,000 on my holiday, I get a government subsidy of about IS30,000. So the more costly the journey, the bigger the subsidy. It is my considered judgement that if the above ideas are adopted we will cut IS50 billion from the state budget."

THE HERUT MK wants to adopt radical "efficiency measures" throughout the public administration. This in effect means sizeable dismissals, but Cohen-Orgad dodged spelling out the term. He conceded that it would mean a drawn-out process, but said it would "pay off by creating a totally different psychological climate and provide precedents for different norms of behaviour throughout the country."

Waxing enthusiastic, he spoke of ending a situation wherein "the government takes lots of taxes, only to redistribute them via subsidies." And this applied, he explained, not only to basic foodstuffs.

"Look at the health system. If you earn IS50,000 or IS150,000 you pay the same health insurance. This is another instance of the wealthy getting their living standards subsidized by the Treasury, and it applies to all our services." Cohen-Orgad was for heavy cuts in public service subsidies, and took great pains to insist that they would be aimed only at the rich.

Was he a monetarist? Cohen-Orgad shunned the term like the plague, preferring to be called "a protagonist of the national economy." I recalled his description at the last Herut Convention of how best to undermine the Histadrut and its economy, and asked him whether he regarded himself as a revolutionary in Israeli terms. Puffing on his cigar, the Herut MK smiled and said: "I prefer to be called a reformer."

What of his adversaries' charge

that his proposals meant higher taxes? "Not at all," countered the MK. "I'm for cutting negative taxes. Everyone should pay more for the services they're getting, with the exception of the lower-income groups." He was convinced that the outcome would be an increase in the sales of local products, with imports being priced out of Israel's reach. In addition, exports would win increasingly comfortable conditions.

Warming to his vision, Cohen-Orgad predicted that "people will have to make greater efforts to keep their jobs. Some balloons will have to explode," he added pointedly.

NOT SURPRISINGLY, Cohen-Orgad's stringent cuts completely leave out the defence budget and allocations to West Bank settlements. The latter will, on the contrary, get even more. The Herut MK dodged my question about the settlements benefiting from the cutbacks in health and social services, plus growing unemployment. As to the allocations to yeshivas, Cohen-Orgad was at his most disingenuous, arguing that "their share will drop proportionately with reductions in public spending."

How did he intend to sell these ideas to the public?

"I believe the public is receptive to this kind of economic leadership," he said, citing a recent poll among Tel Avivians of all classes which indicated that 60 per cent were for lowering living standards. "They feel that the country is in bad shape and something drastic is necessary. The same applies to Likud voters, so I don't buy the argument that we'd suffer electorally by being honest. I think the public is yearning for economic leadership, and tired of the current practice of putting on a smiling front."

How would his proposals become acceptable to organized labour? Cohen-Orgad was confident that the creation of a different social climate would also influence the trade unions "to become more responsible. Just remember the early days of Hurvitz's ministry, when the unions agreed to a low ceiling of compensation. It proved that they too will join in if the general atmosphere is favourable."

Cohen-Orgad yearned for those early days of Hurvitz at the Treasury, recalling that when he took office, our foreign reserves were quite depleted. "He talked tough and was popular when he called for harsh measures. But he lost out because of intrigues," said the MK, without specifying further.

I wondered whether a precondition for his reform programme was the replacement of the present finance minister, especially after Aridor's people had been urging Cohen-Orgad's removal from the Knesset committee. Cohen-Orgad was highly amused. "Yes, I heard that sources close to the finance minister or Treasury have been talking of my ouster, and then the minister's bureau issued an announcement denying that he had any such design."

The MK intended to persist in his campaign among his party comrades, arguing that the Likud would not suffer from his proposals because they would benefit the country.

"We have to act speedily, of our own volition, lest we reach a pass when we will be forced to take really painful measures. We must cut off the fat as soon as possible so that we don't arrive at the point of having to cut into the bone," was his stern message.

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IT WAS NOT the first odd thing I had noticed about the Reform, or Progressive, Movement in Israel, but it helped put other things into perspective. There was something odd about the way prayerbooks were arranged neatly on the shelves of the vestibule of the combination synagogue-social club at Kibbutz Yahel in the Arava.

The pages of the Orthodox *siddurim* were worn and the bindings were loose, clearly due to repeated use. The copies of the New Union Prayerbook, however, the most recent edition of the Reform prayerbook, produced in the U.S. in the mid-1970s, still had a clean, sleek look about them. They had hardly been opened during the six years of the existence of the kibbutz.

A member of the kibbutz, a newcomer from the States, supplied the answer to the riddle: the 60-odd members had preferred to use the Orthodox prayerbook, the *Rinat Yisrael* edition, for Sabbath and holiday services while waiting for the Israel Reform movement's own *siddur* to be published. "No one uses the Union Prayerbook," he said with a note of disdain.

That resolved the riddle but not the paradox of young people from Israel and the Diaspora, most without a traditional background, freely embracing the traditional format of worship in the first kibbutz of the World Union for Progressive Judaism. The paradox in fact deepened with a look into the Israeli movement's new *siddur*, called *Ha'avoda Sheb'lev* (Service of the Heart).

What other prayerbook would include selections from both Berl Katznelson, the central inspirational figure of the pre-state labour movement, and the chief rabbi of that time, Rabbi Abraham Isaac Kook? What other prayerbook would offer alternative versions of the *aleinu* prayer, one with the traditional accent on the spiritual superiority of Israel, and the other with a more pluralistic, tolerant vision of Israel and the Nations?

ABOUT 150 years after classical Reform emerged in Germany, and roughly 100 years after the movement consolidated itself in its new American homeland, the Reform movement is now striking deeper and wider roots in the soil of Eretz Yisrael. But the current flowering of the movement here would hardly be recognized by its German and American spiritual forefathers.

Classical Reform threw out the traditional laws and customs that comprised much of Jewry's distinctive culture, in favour of an exclusive stress on abstract spiritual and ethical doctrines. Judaism was turned from a sacred peoplehood into a religious persuasion, and all yearnings for the Messianic restoration of the Jews to their homeland were exorcized. Reform thus became a vehicle for assimilation by attempting to refashion Judaism in the socially-acceptable image of upper-class Protestantism.

The movement in North America and elsewhere later reversed most of these trends, reintroducing more ritual in the home and synagogue, rediscovering Jewish peoplehood, and most recently affiliating as a movement with the Zionist Organization. But the Israeli movement has gone much farther in a direction that must, despite its ambiguity, be labelled "traditional."

THE MOVEMENT in Israel has some 5,000 registered members in its 15 congregations, which range in size from several dozen to 280

families. There are 500 members in the Reform youth movement *Telem Nour*, which channels groups through the Nahal to the movement's two kibbutzim, Yahel and Lotan, the latter of which was dedicated this month.

The congregations have had trouble attracting young couples — the average age of the congregation membership is 50 — but has made some headway in recent years. Three large building projects are planned for combination synagogue-cultural centres in Haifa, Nahariya and Tel Aviv.

There are five native-born Reform rabbis in Israel, three of whom were ordained at the Jerusalem branch of the Hebrew Union College. Several others are now studying in Jerusalem for the rabbinate, in a course of study that puts more stress on traditional sources than the Reform rabbinical schools in the U.S.

LET US LOOK again into the movement's new *siddur*, the product of 10 years' work by a special committee of the Israeli movement. The *siddur* takes the traditional format of prayer and the texts as its point of departure. But it has eliminated the repetition of certain prayers that recur at particular points in the traditional service, and has made changes in the texts of some prayers in order to eliminate "meaningless recitation" of a content that conflicts with liberal interpretations of Judaism.

Such changes were made, for example, in the morning benediction thanking God for "not making me a woman," and in the *anida* prayer where reference is made to the resurrection of the dead. A more striking case is the elimination of the prayer for the restoration of the Temple sacrifice, which is replaced by a "remembrance" of the sacrifices offered by our ancestors.

Special services for Independence Day, Memorial Day, Martyrs and Heroes Remembrance Day, and even Tisha B'av, have been added, along with readings from modern Hebrew literature and modern thinkers. Berl Katznelson rubs shoulders not only with Rabbi Kook but also with Prof. Ephraim Urbach.

The executive director of the Israeli Reform movement, Rabbi Mordechai Rotem of Haifa, says that the *siddur* reflects the basic approach of the movement to tradition. It accepts it as the point of departure, but revises or adds in the light of liberal principles, such as the equality of the sexes and the rejection of animal sacrifices.

The traditional format of the service was deliberately preserved to enable contemporary persons without traditional background to understand and appreciate the traditional structure and language of prayer.

At religious services, a *kipa* and *tallit* for men are standard, as is mixed seating. However, in a few congregations, women have not had the same rights as men to be called up to the Torah, to read from the Torah scroll and to lead the service. Their position seems to be changing now, in the direction of full equality prevalent in American Reform.

A BASIC motif of the Israeli Reform movement, reflected in its *siddur* and in other practices, is the firm attachment to the principle of *khal Yisrael* — the unity and solidarity of the Jewish people.

At the recent conference in Jerusalem of the World Union, an Israeli-born rabbinical student, Uri Regev, made an impassioned

Circles of loyalty

CHARLES HOFFMAN finds signs of a shift towards tradition in the local Reform movement.



Members of Reform Kibbutz Lotan, dedicated this month.

speech in one of the sessions explaining the opposition of the Israeli Reform movement to the resolution on "patrilineal descent" adopted recently by the Central Conference of American Rabbis.

This resolution breaks with the traditional ruling that, in cases of mixed marriage, the religion of the mother automatically determines the religion of the children. The new resolution states that children with one Jewish parent, whether father or mother, are only potentially Jewish. The Jewishness of the children must be "established" or actualized by the performance of public acts of identification with Judaism.

Regev, following the teachings of an American Reform scholar, described three concentric circles of Jewish loyalty and responsibility: the personal, the communal and the level of *khal Yisrael*. The individual has the widest latitude, he said, in his personal beliefs and practices. For the community, a broader sense of responsibility must apply.

Providing an example, he said "it is only natural to observe the laws of *kashrut* in a congregation, even if there are members that reject them. *Kashrut* is the minimum practice for the community."

Referring to the patrilineal descent controversy, he said: "At the level of *khal Yisrael*, should we give up something for the Orthodox, even though it won't lead them any closer to accepting us? We should! Here he was saying that, even if Reform Jews regard the Orthodox as liberal values, it should be accepted out of a sense of responsibility to the entire Jewish people.

He continued: "We are not out to rewrite Jewish history and tradition from scratch. To know where we

are going, we must know where we have come from. And we know that we must account for what we (as Reform Jews) do before the entire Jewish people."

The reader no doubt took note of Regev's reference to *kashrut*, which would hardly be regarded as an essential part of community observances in American Reform congregations.

Rotem confirms that the dietary laws are observed at all Reform institutions in Israel and at all public activities organized by the movement. The two Reform kibbutzim Yahel and Lotan, also have kosher kitchens.

Rotem says that on a communal level this is done not only out of a sense of obligation to *kashrut*-observing Jews, but mainly because of its intrinsic merits, as a positive *mitzva* or ritual precept. All the Israeli-born Reform rabbis keep kosher, he says, although not all the other Reform rabbis or laymen in Israel do.

ROTEM STRESSES that the Israeli Reform accent on *khal Yisrael* "is the biggest source of differences with American Reform."

Take conversion (*giyur*), which in North America does not require circumcision (*brit mila*) or immersion in the ritual bath (*tevilla*).

In an article on Reform conversion in Israel, Haifa Rabbi Gil Natv notes that in the late 1970s the Israel Council of Progressive Rabbis — its Hebrew acronym is Maram — decided to standardize their hitherto *ad hoc* conversion procedures. A permanent *beit din*, or tribunal, was organized to deal with conversion, and its rulings were accepted as binding on all Reform rabbis in Israel.

Since its first session in February

1981, the Reform *beit din* has had 34 applications, and accepted 21 candidates after initial screening. During two years, three women completed the process, and there are now three women and one man about to finish.

In their first interview, the applicants are warned that the Reform conversion would probably not be recognized by the Interior Ministry or the rabbinate.

The Israeli Reform movement has not yet persuaded even the Conservative movement to recognize its conversion procedures, much less the Orthodox. In another sphere, however, the movement has been conducting a legal battle with the religious establishment since early last year for recognition of two of its rabbis — Rotem and Rabbi Moshe Zemer of Tel Aviv — as marriage registrars.

The executive director of the World Union, Rabbi Richard Hirsch, contends that "there is nothing non-halachic" about the movement's conversion and marriage ceremonies, which in a strictly technical sense consist of a few basic acts that Reform rabbis can and do perform.

The problem in these cases, he says, is not that Reform rabbis insist on changing the Halacha, but that the Orthodox establishment does not want to compromise its monopoly.

Hirsch adds that no one in the Israeli movement has proposed that the Reform movement develop its own divorce proceedings, although this could not be ruled out in principle.

In the area of divorce, though, it would probably be more difficult for the movement to adopt practices consistent with the halachic minimum, as in conversion and marriage, because of the touchy issue of women's rights. Regev, however, hinted in his talk at the conference at the possibility of reviving a practice in Eretz Yisrael of the talmudic period that allowed a woman to initiate divorce proceedings against her husband, which Halacha today does not permit.

TWO FACETS of the Reform approach to Halacha emerged in a conversation with the Israeli-born secretary of Yahel, Ofer Ben-Gai, who found his way to Judaism through the Reform youth movement. He says that the members of the kibbutz have attempted to regulate their communal life by the principles and practices of tradition, but that halachic answers to contemporary problems are not always easy to find.

He cites two examples: the possibility of observing the biblical injunction to leave part of one's crops in the fields so that the poor may collect them (*leket, shikh'cha, pe'ot*), and the practice of selling the communal leaven (*hametz*) on Pesach.

"As Progressive Jews living in an agricultural community, we wanted to find a way to observe the biblical precept of providing for the poor or disadvantaged. It wouldn't make any sense, though, to invite the needy in Eilat, which is kilometres away, to come all the way out here to glean our fields. So we decided to adapt the spirit of tradition to present-day realities, by devoting 2 per cent of our income from field crops to a project for disadvantaged youth."

"Twice a week, 10 kids from Eilat come to the kibbutz for help with their homework. The project is coordinated through the social service."

(Continued on page 8)

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GIVE SOLDIERS LIFTS

(Continued from page 6)
vices department of the municipality.

Concerning the selling of the hametz, he says, the members were uncomfortable with the "Galut practice" of selling it to a gentile. "This seemed inappropriate for Jews living in their own state. So we studied possible solutions in tradition and asked Maram for a ruling. "The solution adopted was to declare our hametz as kofur (lowerless property), and to place it in an open storeroom near the entrance to the kibbutz. We felt that was more consistent than the practice followed in secular kibbutzim. They 'sell' the hametz, but keep it in its regular place and some of them even use it during Pessah.

"We are not looking for a confrontation with Halacha, but if it cannot provide an answer consistent with liberal values, then we do not hesitate to innovate. We would rather have an innovative solution, as with the poor 'gleaning the fields,' than live with a forced solution that might turn out to be hypocritical."

THERE IS no rabbi or learned person living at Yehel, so many problems are referred to Maram for a ruling. In the final analysis, though, the kibbutz general meeting decides on major issues of ritual and practice.

Critics of the Israeli movement have argued that its move in a more traditional direction on a number of practices was prompted by a desire to ingratiate itself with the Orthodox establishment, in order to improve its chances for recognition.

No charge inspires a quicker and more sweeping denial from the movement's rabbis. "That criticism is completely baseless," writes Nativ. "Our political experiences prove the opposite. The more 'traditional' we become, the more dangerous we are to the Orthodox establishment... That consideration (of ingratiation) ourselves with the Orthodox) has never guided Maram policy decisions. Our commitment is towards *klal Yisrael*, to Jewish history and the Jewish people."

Rotem adds that the movement has no illusions about recognition from the Orthodox in the foreseeable future, and that the traditional leaning of Israeli Reform has nothing to do with the struggle for recognition. The struggle is based on the principle that Judaism — and the State of Israel — should be pluralistic in its approach to religious tradition and observance.

DOES THE trend to tradition mean that there is a "Reform Halacha" in the making? Both Rotem and Hirsch reject this term, preferring to speak of a liberal interpretation of a tradition common to all Jews. "The movement is not anti-Halacha," says Hirsch, although it clearly opposes the prevailing Orthodox interpretation of Halacha in most spheres.

"I am not a halachic Jew," says Rotem, implying that the totality of his personal life is not regulated by religiously defined behavioural and ritual norms. "But as rabbis we deal in questions of Halacha on the level of community practice."

If Israeli Reform continues to move in a more traditional direction, then the distinctions between itself and the Conservative movement could become blurred. But if Reform continues its current practice of affirming some observances at the community and *klal Yisrael* levels that it does not require at the individual level, then it will not be hard to tell the difference.

ANYONE contemplating aliya is confronted by a great number of problems. But in addition to all the usual considerations of housing, work and social life, Jeremy Montagu has over 1,600 problems — each of them a musical instrument.

For the genial, amply built Montagu is the owner of an unusual collection of instruments, ranging in size from a three-metre alp horn to whistles only a few centimetres long, and in value from a few pence to thousands of pounds.

Montagu, 55, is curator of the Bate Collection of Historical Instruments at Oxford University and lecturer in its music faculty. He keeps his own collection on all available wall, floor and shelf-space in his home, except for a few pieces that are on loan to the university.

Originally trained as a French horn player and conductor at London's Guildhall School of Music, in the early 1950s Montagu took up percussion instruments. He still plays these professionally, often at film sessions, where his unusual expertise in the music and instruments of many different cultures is much in demand, both for productions set in foreign countries and for special effects in films such as *The Allen, Excalibur* and *The Magician of Lublin*. He also conducted, and for many years led, the Montagu String Orchestra.

He began collecting musical instruments in the early 1960s, when he first came into possession of a hand horn of the type Beethoven wrote for. His collection has been growing ever since, and he has travelled extensively in England and abroad, lecturing on the history of musical instruments. He has also written several books on the subject.

THE FAMILY roots in England go back more than 200 years. Like the Rothschilds, the Montagus were prominent bankers, and the musicologist's great-grandfather was created the first Baron Swaythling. He was responsible for consolidating the growing Orthodox Jewish community in Britain, of which he became the lay head, as did one of his sons and one of his grandsons in their turn. The latter, a leading barrister, married a daughter of the painter Solomon J. Solomon, and it was from her that their son Jeremy inherited his musical talent.

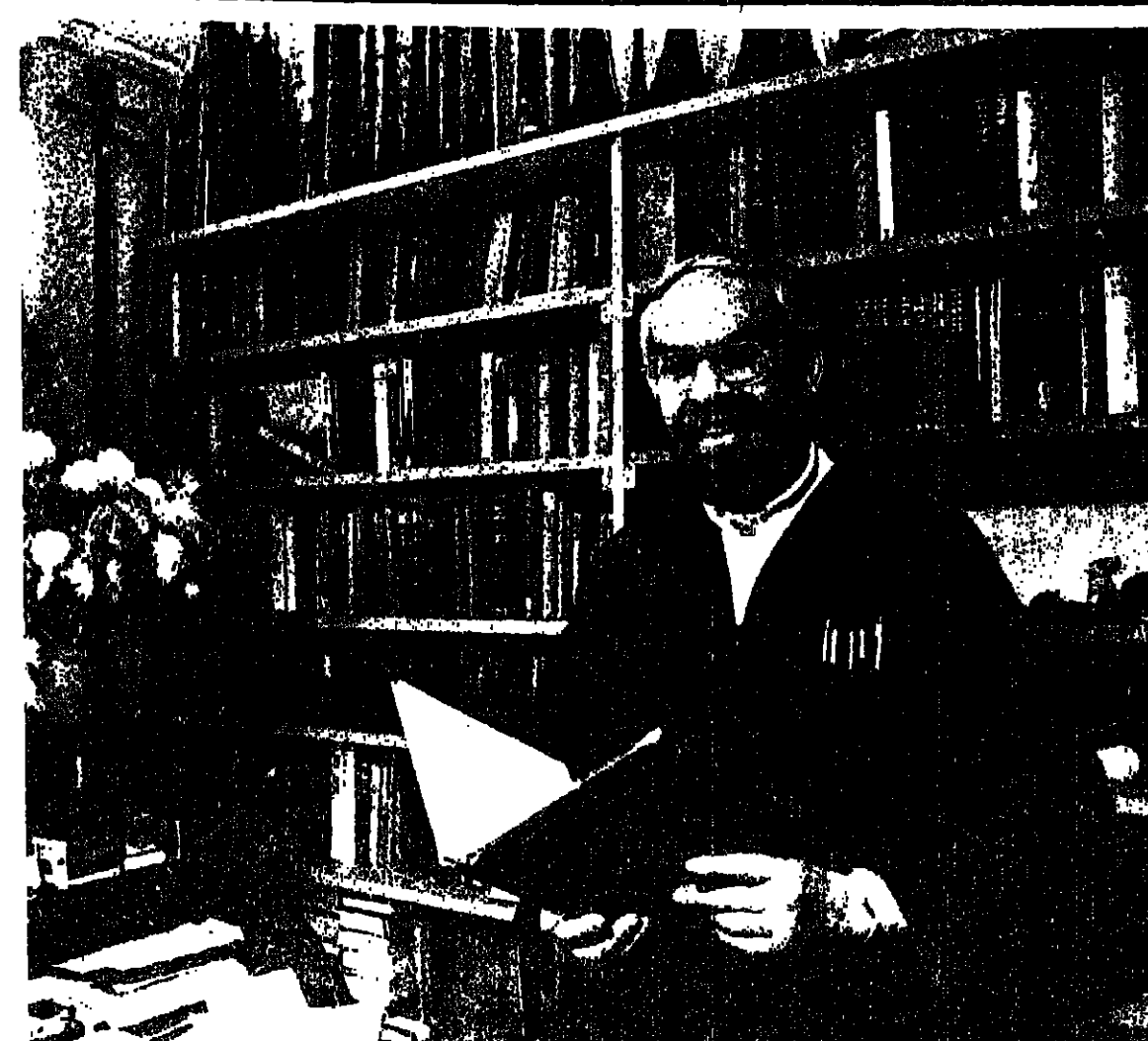
He is passionately devoted to the collection and preservation of old musical instruments.

"If you want to know what Beethoven's music was supposed to sound like," he says, "you have to hear it played on the musical instruments of his time. Everything else is approximation."

But when he contemplates aliya — and this is a serious question for him, since his son has settled in Israel — the problems become "mind-boggling." In addition to his multitude of instruments, he owns more than 6,000 books on musicology, many hundreds of records and tapes and over 2,000 photographic slides.

Nor can one simply bring the collection over and dump it into an apartment — even if an Israeli apartment large enough to accommodate it could be found. Musical instruments are sensitive to changes in temperature and humidity, which can cause cracking and other damage. They require a constant temperature, and humidity must be kept at a steady 50 to 55 per cent.

As for the building that houses the instruments, this must be almost hermetically sealed to protect them from their number one enemy: dust.



A Collector's Tale

Jeremy Montagu is ready to settle in Israel, he tells The Post's D'VORA BEN SHAUL — if he can bring his 1,600 musical instruments with him.

Although the Rubin Academy of Music and the Hebrew University of Jerusalem have both expressed their interest in acquiring the Montagu Collection, neither institution has the funds to provide a museum hall with more than 100 metres of

glass display cases, a library and a workshop. Montagu, however, has not given up hope. He still feels that it may become possible for his collection to be donated to an Israeli institution, and that he will have the

privilege of curing for it in Israel.

The collection is of great musical value, he stresses. Many of the instruments could be made available for the use of serious performers, and students of musicology would find it invaluable.



"MOST EUROPEAN instruments developed from native instruments of the Mediterranean basin," plains the musicologist. "For example, the European trumpet is from the Arab *al-nafir*, which Crusaders encountered, and it became, in Spanish, *anfoll*, the trumpet which can be seen in many 13th-century pictures, especially medieval manuscripts.

"It then became the folded o-shaped trumpet which angels of play in later manuscript illustrations, and then the natural trumpet for which Monteverdi, Bach, Handel wrote, later acquiring val and turning into the trumpet know today."

The original Arab instrument survives in Morocco and Nigeria have examples of all these in collection," Montagu says.

Another example is the shawm, an instrument still used wide throughout the Middle East, No Africa and the Balkans, carried Islamic contact (war or trade) to Asia. This again was taken by Crusaders, or travelled to Europe by other routes and eventually became the oboe used in modern orchestras, explains Montagu, who owns shawms from all areas mentioned, including Americas, where the shawm survives as a folk instrument Mexico.

Other instruments came far farther afield. "All our free-reed instruments such as the harmonica, accordion, mouth organ and ocarina derived from the Chinese wings of the legendary phoenix," says Montagu. "Its sound is supposed to be the bird's cry." The instruments are also represented the collection.

As well as instruments that show developmental sequence Montagu is pleased to point to such curiosities as the Australian didjeridoo, a wooden tube hollowed out by termites and used as a combination of speaking tube a trumpet, New Guinea head-hunters, drums and conch trumpets from many areas throughout the world.

"Then, of course," he adds, "there are my Tibetan trump made of human leg-bones, drums made from human skulls. "Israel," says the musicologist, "represents a fusion of many cultures, and a collection like mine would be most significant in stating that the cultural heritage of peoples is of equal importance."

"There is a *yekkish* tendency in Israel," he continues, "particular in music, to regard Europe as being synonymous with culture, anything else as folk. This is a true, Ethiopian fiddles and lyres, Moroccan flutes, shawms, trumpet and clappers are all valid as equally important as instruments."

"The Arab oud," states Montagu emphatically, "is no less important than the European lute. My collection can show that there is nothing second-rate about any cultural music."

MONTAGU has another two years before he has to decide whether to remain in Oxford or choose aliya. He is optimistic that a solution can be found. But, says, he cannot opt for Israel until he is confident that his collection will be adequately accommodated. There is always the possibility donating it to an institution in England or elsewhere, but Montagu whose family ties with Zionism date back to the Hovevei Zion, believes that Israel is his collection's right home.

DARK FIGURES clothed in flowing turquoise *galabiyas* crouch over their bowls of *ful* in the grimy lobby of the seven-storey walk-up. In the heat of the day, it's a long trek up the winding staircase. The stately wooden elevator has been stuck between floors for the past 20 years, its shaft piling up with garbage. A wizened man of 66 with plenty of grey hair opens the ceiling-high apartment door.

Robert Nachman, one of the estimated 120 Jews left in Cairo, stands like his home, the remnant of a golden era.

In the dark little alcove of a sitting room badly in need of a paint job, a young woman serves tea. "We used to live very well," Nachman says, perhaps apologizing for the worn appearance of his home.

At one time, Egypt's was the most urban of all the Jewish communities in Asia and Africa, with virtually all of its population living in Cairo and Alexandria. In 1947, almost 60 per cent of the "registered" 65,000 Egyptian Jews were merchants, and four of the top department stores in Cairo — Cicurel, Chemla, Ades and Ben-Zion — were Jewish-owned. Egypt boasted several Jewish multi-millionaires, a unique phenomenon among Middle East communities. The literacy rate among Egyptian Jews was high and they enjoyed a rich religious/cultural life. Cairo's 15 main synagogues were a vital part of the community.

In halting English, Nachman recalls those days: "I remember the feasts when I was young. First my mother would go to the ghetto — the Jewish quarter of the Old City — to give money to the poor for food and clothing. Then she'd take us to the synagogue. It was always filled — men upstairs and men downstairs."

"Sometimes we'd stop at other synagogues on our way home. They were all open. Then we'd have many, many people over to eat and drink."

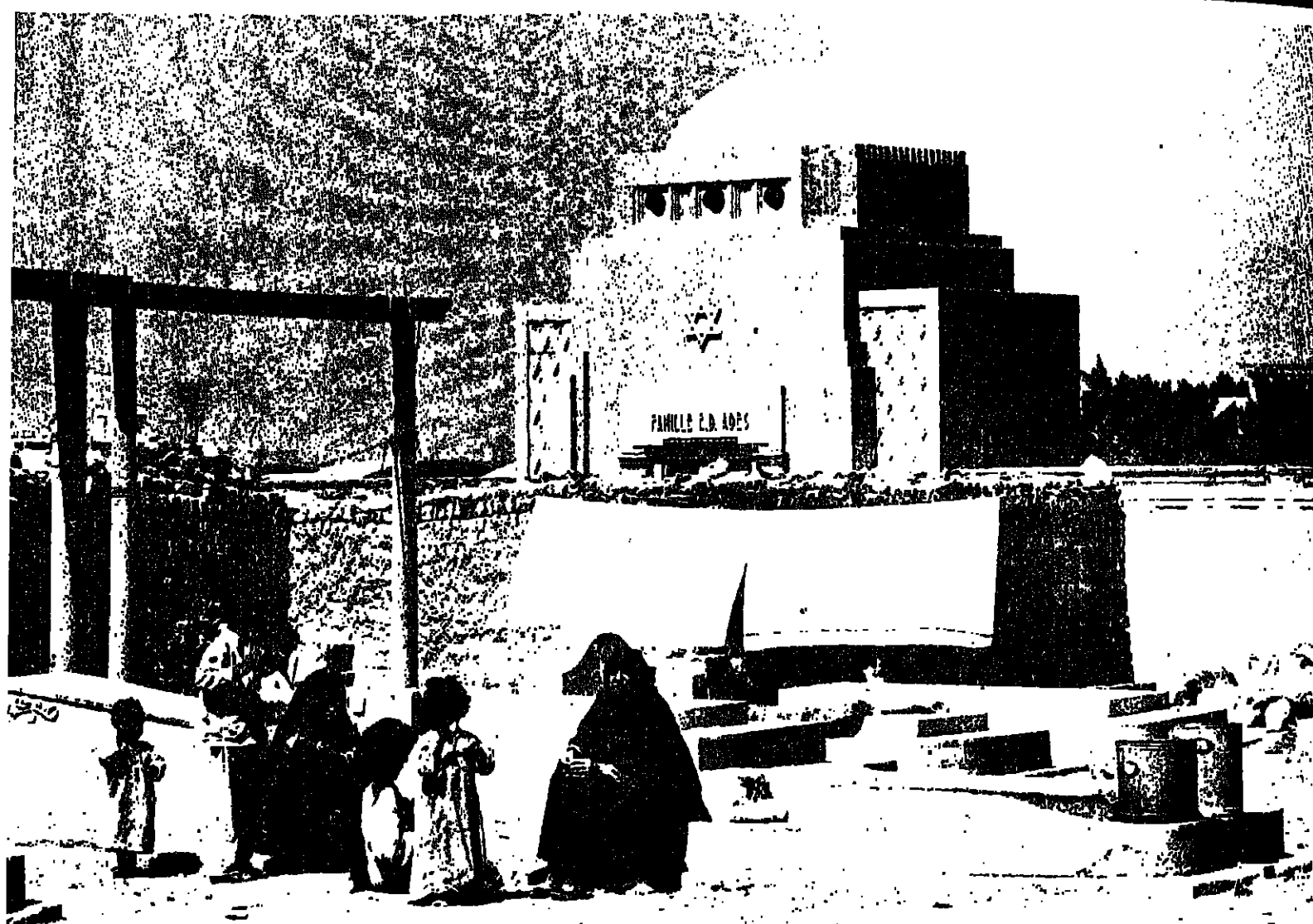
TODAY, only one of the 15 synagogues is open for regular services and it is a rare event to collect 10 men for a *minyan*. The Rabbi Moshe Ben-Maimon Synagogue in Cairo's old Jewish quarter, named after the Rambam, stands open to the sky. According to its caretaker, the roof collapsed on October 6, 1973, the first day of the Yom Kippur War.

THE SAD STATE of Cairo's synagogues is just one example of the community's demise. Because of the city's severe housing shortage, Egyptian families and their flocks of goats have made their home in neglected Jewish mausoleums.

Egyptian Jews historically have always been able to integrate with the Arabic culture around them and yet retain significant aspects of their Judaism. Nachman regularly attends synagogue services on Friday evenings, and says he prays three times a day. Only two pictures hang on the wall over his bed: souvenir-type drawings of the Rambam and Moses.

Yet Nachman the Jew, who holds Italian citizenship, is in many ways thoroughly Egyptian. He spends hours a day doing business over a strong Turkish coffee in the local café, and has few Jewish friends. Indeed, his best friend seems to be his 30-year-old pet land turtle, which lingers out from beneath the bed when his master enters the room.

"Usually I don't feel particularly Jewish," says Nachman. "Only when I see other Jews in the syn-



Demise of a community

Egypt's Jews belong to the oldest Diaspora community in the world. In 1947, there were 65,000 of them, mainly in Cairo and Alexandria; today there are only 120 Jews left in Cairo, and the majority are over 60, widowed and childless. JENNIFER FREY reports. Photographs by Richard Nowitz.

agogue do I feel in my heart I'm a Jew."

Dressed in what appears to be western imports rather than the traditional *galabiya* or the modern safari suit worn by most middle- and upper-class Egyptians, and speaking with a heavy, familiar-sounding inflection, he might be mistaken for a Brooklyn-born Jew.

Robert Nachman is a paradox,

quickly becoming an anachronism in his own time.

The year 1947 marked the end of the Jewish era in Egypt. At that time, the Companies' Law was passed, requiring that at least 75 per cent of the employees of companies be Egyptian citizens. Jews were hit hard since only 20 per cent held citizenship — despite the fact that, in many cases, like Nachman's, the

family had been living in Egypt for generations.

After the creation of Israel in 1948, persecution of the Jews began. On May 15, 1948, a royal decree was executed forbidding even Egyptian citizens from leaving the country without a special permit. Scores of foreigners, including hundreds of Jews, were arrested and their property was confiscated.

Months later, bombs were planted in Jewish neighbourhoods and Jewish businesses were looted.

The situation improved slightly during the following two years, but on January 26, 1952 — Black Saturday — many foreign citizens were injured and Jews lost an estimated \$25 million as a result of property confiscation. Between 1948 and 1950, about 25,000 Jews left Egypt.

(Below, from left) member of the Adli St. congregation; the shamash of the Ibn Ezra Synagogue; entrance to the Rambam Synagogue; Robert Nachman.



PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Laromne Hotel, Saturday at 9 p.m., King David Hotel, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English by Jeremy Hyman, Davy Nadel, Isaac Weinstein, directed by Michael Schneider. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

CHITTY CHITTY — With Dudu Dotan (Khan Theatre, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

EVENING OF FOLKSONG — (Liberty Bell Garden, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

GOLDEN GUITAR — Avner Strauss plays classical, jazz and flamenco pieces. (Zorba the Buddha, 9 Yael Salamon, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m., Wed. at 8 p.m.) Haim Butta plays classical, jazz and Israeli music. (Zorba the Buddha, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

HAVA ALBERSTEIN — (Khan Theatre, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

HOT TOUCHES — Situation comedy. (Y.M.C.A., tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

ISRAEL FOLKLORE — Taste of Israel dances. Pnina Talmor folkdancers, International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emek Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — Fred Weisgal, piano, Eric Heller, bass, Saul Chudakov, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nabusa Rd. Thursday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — With well-known Israeli musicians. (Pargod, 94 Bazelet, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

JAZZ PLUS ONE — (Pargod, today at 1.30 p.m.)

JERUSALEM STRING QUARTET — (Liberty Bell Garden, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

JEWISH AND ARAB FOLKLORE — Tzabim folkdancers, folk singers, Khalifa drummers. (Y.M.C.A., Monday at 9 p.m.)

REUVEN AMSTERDAM — Middle and mandala, classical and folk music. (Zorba the Buddha, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

YOSHI BANAI — Drunk with Joy. (Khan Theatre, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ARIEL ZILBER — Rock'n Roll. (Moadon Shabul, tonight at midnight, tomorrow at 11 p.m.)

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated

Jerusalem

LILI SERIES — Evening of Baroque music. With Idi Bar Moshe, Ya'ara Wein, flute; Yehosh Hirschberg, violin; David Shemer, harpsichord. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

CONCERT FOR TWO ORGANS — Works by Remor, Dubois, Heise, Langlais and others. (Dormition Abbey, Mount Zion, tomorrow)

MADRICAL CHOIR — A selection of Renaissance, classical, romantic and folk songs. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

ORGAN AND TRUMPET CONCERT — With Shimon Long, organ; Alton Baggett, trumpet. Works by Purcell, Buxtehude, Telemann and others. (Redeemer Church, Old City, Sunday at 8 p.m.)

Other towns

CONCERT — With Ehud Gertlich, contrabass; Ida Bar-Matitia, flute; Nava Gazit, piano.

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — (Hilton, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

DAVID BROZA — (Beit Hahayal, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

HAVA ALBERSTEIN — (Tzavta, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

JAZZ FOR ALL — Pieces by Duke Ellington, Thelonius Monk and others. (Beit Leislin, tomorrow at 6 p.m.)

JAZZ CELLAR — Michael Greenfield, piano; Simon Sternberg, saxophone; Ilu Dkraeli, bass. (Beit Leislin, Sunday at 10.30 p.m.)

JOE — Sings American songs of the 50s and 60s. (Moadon Shabul, Wednesday at midnight)

LOS PARAGUAYOS — Spanish songs. (Bat Dur, today at 9.30 and 11.30 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI — (Tzavta, today at 9.30 p.m. and midnight)

NURIT GALRON — (Tzavta, tomorrow at 10.45 p.m.)

OSNAT VISHINSKI — Israeli and Brazilian songs. (Moadon Shabul, Tuesday at midnight)

TONIGHT SHOW — Presented by Barry Langford, evening of international entertainment and interviews. Special guest, Leonard Graves. (Hilton, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

ROCK AND LAUGHTER — (Beit Leislin, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

YITZHAK KLEPPER — (Beit Leislin, tonight at midnight)

YITZHAK STEINER AND TRIO — (Tzavta, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa

DAVID BROZA — (Beit Abba Khoushy, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Other towns

APPLES OF GOLD (Eilat, WIZO Hall, Sunday at 8 p.m.)

DAVID BROZA — (Herzliya, Tiferet, tonight at 10 p.m.; Ayelet Hashahar, Yed Lebanon, Sunday through Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

HAVA ALBERSTEIN — (Kishon Lesion, today at 10 a.m.)

HOT TOUCHES — (Ramat Gan, Orna, tonight at 10 a.m.)

LOS PARAGUAYOS — (Acra, Auditorium, Tuesday at 9 p.m.; Kibbutz Yifat, Wednesday at 9 p.m.; Kibbutz Yagur, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

A THOUSAND FACES — Pantomime with Julian Chagrin. (Beit Leislin, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Funn-b concert of Bach, with Nurit Galron, singer.

YARON TAUB, PIANIST — Bach's Italian Concerto, Sonata Op. 40 by Beethoven; Sonata Op. 143 by Schubert; Piano Suite by Debussy. (Cafe Yuval, Ramat Hasharon, tomorrow night)

PIANO AND VIOLA — With Nir Yaron, viola; Anat Shiron, piano. Sonata Op. 11 by Hindemith, Part 2: Simon Rooshko, piano. Sonata Op. 109 by Beethoven; also works by Schumann and Prokofiev. (Cafe Theatre, Ramat Hasharon, Monday)

PIANO CONCERT — With Batya Goldstein. Sonata No. 4 by Beethoven; Variations on a Theme by Brahms, Part 2: Marina Grossman, piano. Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue by Bach. Ballade No. 2 by Chopin. (Cafe Theatre, Ramat Hasharon, Wednesday)



Dalia Low and her troupe appear in a performance of Spanish and Flamenco dance in Tel Aviv tomorrow.

THEATRE

Jerusalem

SCOOP — By Amin Gray, Khan Theatre production. (Khan, Wednesday and Thursday)

LATE DIVORCE — By A.B. Yehoshua, Yuval-Neva Zedek Theatre production. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

THE KING TRILOGY — 3 separate off-off Broadway productions of American mythology and mysticism. Written by Alexander Horn, "Adam King" (Jerusalem Theatre, Thursday at 7.30 p.m.; "The Magician" (at 9.30 p.m.)

THE SUITCASE PACKERS — A light comedy by Hanoch Levin. A Cumeri Theatre production. (Jerusalem Theatre, Saturday and Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

CATS IN THE BAG — Comedy produced by the Haifa Theatre. (Habimah, Small Hall, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

CLOWNS OF EDEN — Lila Theatre production. (Gurud Behur, today at 9.30 a.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

MEET THE ORCHESTRA — Concert for solo instruments with members of the Israel Symphony. (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 4.15 p.m.)

OLD KING COLE — By Ken Campbell. Khan Theatre production. (Khan, Sunday at 9.30 and 11.30 a.m.; Friday, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday at 10 a.m.)

Tel Aviv area

A THOUSAND FACES — Pantomime with Julian Chagrin. (Beit Leislin, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Funn-b concert of Bach, with Nurit Galron, singer.

WALKING TOURS

Sponsored by the Society for the Protection of Nature in Israel. Meeting place: Next to the escalator in front of the Jerusalem Central Bus Station. Please bring hat, canteen and walking shoes. Free.

Sunday: En Gled, Nahal Kitalav and Irish ride to Jerusalem — Meet: 11.40 a.m. Return to Jerusalem Railway Station by about 5.30 p.m.

Monday: Fortresses and springs of the Judean Hills — Meet: 8.30 a.m. Return to Jerusalem about 2.00 p.m.

Tuesday: From Hal Gile to Jerusalem — Meet: 12.45 p.m. Return to Jerusalem, about 6.00 p.m.

Jerusalem

DIRTY HANDS — By Sartre. Habimah production. (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow and Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

DRUMS IN THE NIGHT — By Brecht. Beersheba Theatre production. (Habimah, Small Hall, Wednesday and Thursday at 9 p.m.)

FROLICS OF SCAPIN — by the Cumeri Theatre. (Wohl Amphitheatre, Tuesday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

GOOD — (Cumeri Theatre, tomorrow and Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE GROCER'S SHOP — By Hillel Mitelputnik. Habimah production. (Habimah, Small Hall, Saturday and Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE KING TRILOGY — (Neve Zedek Theatre, 6 Yehiel, tonight and tomorrow)

LATE DIVORCE — (Neve Zedek Theatre, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

Haifa

FROM LAUGH TO LAUGH... By the Meimad Theatre. (Haifa Museum, Thursday at 4 p.m.)

MY NEIGHBOURHOOD — By the Meimad Theatre. (Haifa Museum, Thursday at 6 p.m.)

PUPPETS — Dance programme by Ruth Eshel. (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 6.30 p.m.)

Other towns

CLOWNS OF EDEN — (Ashkelon, Rahel, Wednesday at 9.30 a.m.)

CLOWNS OF PARADISE — (Rehovot, Wix, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

Other towns

CLOWNS OF EDEN — (Ashkelon, Rahel, Wednesday at 9.30 a.m.)

CLOWNS OF PARADISE — (Rehovot, Wix, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

Jerusalem

SWEENEY TODD — Musical drama by the Cumeri Theatre. (Cumeri, Tuesday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.; Wednesday also 4.30 p.m.)

Haifa

GITTERING PRIZES — By Frederick Raphael. Haifa Theatre production. (Municipal Theatre, tomorrow, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Others

BED KITCHEN, BED KITCHEN — Haifa Theatre production. (Rehovot, Wix, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

BENT — Haifa Theatre production. (Kfar Menachem, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

LATE DIVORCE — (Kiron Community Centre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated

DANCE

Jerusalem

FROM LEAH GOLDBERG WITH LOVE... (Rishon Lezion, Monday & Thursday at 10 a.m.)

THE PRINCESS AND THE SHEPHERD — (Rehovot, Beit Ha'am, Sunday at 4.30 p.m.; Ramat Gan, Orna, Thursday at 4 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

DALIA LOW — Flamenco. (Beit Leislin, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

INBAL — In their programme Greetings 83. (Neve Zedek Theatre, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

Other towns

CLOWNS OF EDEN — (Ashkelon, Rahel, Wednesday at 9.30 a.m.)

CLOWNS OF PARADISE — (Rehovot, Wix, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

Wednesday: En Karen and Surroundings — Meet: 8.00 a.m. Return to Jerusalem about 1.00 p.m.

Thursday: Massek Nature Reserve, Nahal Kishon, Marjory Forest — Meet: 9.00 a.m. Return to Jerusalem about 3.00 p.m.

Friday: The Elton Blue and Herodian Water Tunnel — Meet: 7.50 a.m. Return to Jerusalem about 2.30 p.m.

"Off-the-Beaten-Track" Walks in Jerusalem Guided in English

Sponsored by the Society for the Protection of Nature in Israel. Meeting place: Office of the Society for the Protection of Nature, 13 Hefza Hamalka St., courtyard of Bim. of Agriculture. Please bring hat, walking shoes and flashlight. Fee.

Sunday — Meet: 8.00 a.m. Russian Compound, Ben Hinnon Valley, burial caves from Second Temple period, Haecladana, City of David excavations. Finish about 1.00 p.m.

Tuesday — Meet: 8.00 a.m. Walk on city walls from Jaffa Gate to Damascus Gate, Tower Zedekiah's Cave, Armenian Monks, Tombs of the Kings and St. George Cathedral. Finish about 1.00 p.m.

(Continued on page C)

JERUSALEM Cinemas

No showings Monday evening due to Tisha B'Shva.

CINEMA 1 ON/O in Jerusalem Cinema

Buses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067
Fri., July 15
Double feature/1 ticket:
Moonraker 2.30
Holders of the Lost Ark 4.30
Sat., July 16
Turzoan Shine of The Jungle 8
Rocky Horror Picture Show 9.30
Sun., July 17
Double feature/1 ticket:
Moonraker 7
Holders of the Lost Ark 9
Tue., July 19
A Streetcar Named Desire 7, 9.15
Wed., July 20
Triple feature/1 ticket:
Cann 6.30
Mad Max 1 at 8
Mad Max 2 at 9.45
Thurs., July 21
Triple feature/1 ticket:
Cann 6.30
Mad Max 1 at 8
Mad Max 2 at 9.45

EDEN
3rd week
KUNI LEMEL IN CAIRO
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON
3rd week
James Bond 007
OCTOPUSSY
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 3.45, 6.30, 9

HABIRAH
FLYING HIGH (The Sequel)
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ISRAEL MUSEUM
Sun., Mon., Tue., Thur., 11, 3.30;
Wed. 11 a.m.;
CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG
Tue. 6, 8.30
VICTOR VICTORIA

KFIR
3rd week
Israeli film
SABABA
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

MITCHELL
The Hungarian prize-winning film
at the Cannes Festival
PIXOTE—CALAMITY'S CHILDREN
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 7, 9

ORGIL
Walt Disney's
HERBIE GOES BANANAS
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORNA Tel. 224733
A film full of action and adventure
GOLD RAIDERS
Sundays 1575 per ticket
10.30 a.m. p.m., during vacation at
1530 per ticket
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORION Tel. 222914

2nd week
Adventures of "Star Wars" and
"The Empire Strikes Back" con-
tinue in



* MARK HAMILL
* HARRISON FORD
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

RON
5th week
FINALS
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

SEMADAR
2nd week
FRANCES
* JESSICA LANGE
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.15
SMALL AUDITORIUM
BINYENET HA'UMA
7th week
SOPHIE'S CHOICE
Sat. 8.30
Weekdays 6.15, 9

TEL AVIV Cinemas

No showings Monday evening due to Tisha B'Shva.

ALLENBY
3rd week
TRINITY
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

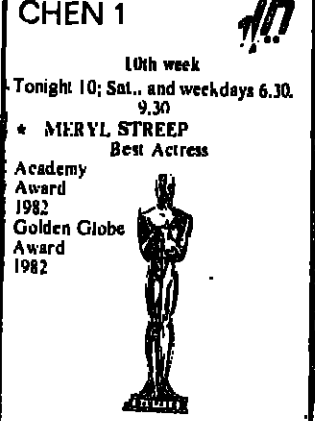
BEN YEHUDA
Israel Premiere
BAD BOYS
Tonight 10, 12; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
From age 16 and over

BETH HATEFUTSOH JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE
QU'EST-CE-QUE FAIT COURIR DAVID
Sun., Tue., 5; Thur., 8.30

CINEMA ONE
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK
Tonight at 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CHEN 1 Tel. 222914

10th week
Tonight 10; Sat. and weekdays 6.30, 9.30



* MERYL STREEP
Best Actress
Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982

CHEN 2
Israel Premiere
The story of a boy suddenly alone in the world. The men who challenge him. And the girl who helps him become a man.
THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER
Tonight 10, 12.15
Sat. 7.15, 9.35
Weekdays 11, 2, 4.30, 7.15, 9.35

CHEN 3 Tel. 225610

5th week
Tonight 10; Sat. and weekdays 10



CHEN 4
3rd week
Tonight 10; Sat. and weekdays 10

CHEN 5
3rd week
Tonight 10; Sat. and weekdays 10

CHEN 4 Tel. 222914

Academy Award nomination for the best screenplay of the year



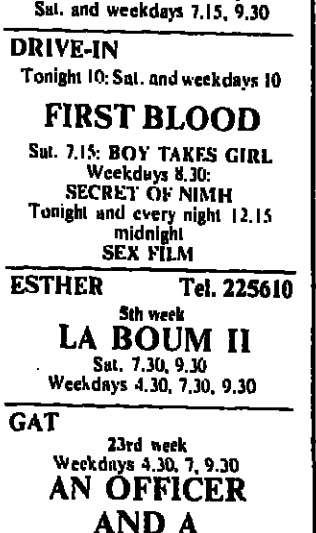
Sat. and weekdays 7.25, 9.15

CHEN 5
3rd week
Tonight 10; Sat. and weekdays 10



CHEN 6 Tel. 222914

10th week
Tonight 10; Sat. and weekdays 10

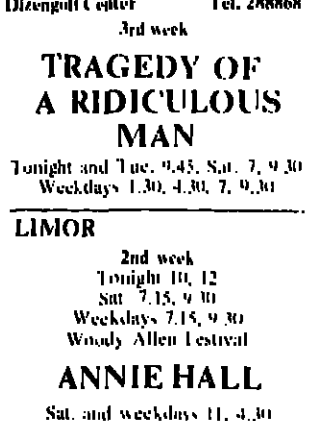


CHEN 7
3rd week
Tonight 10; Sat. and weekdays 10

CHEN 8
3rd week
Tonight 10; Sat. and weekdays 10

LEV I Tel. 288868

5th week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30



3rd week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LEV II
5th week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30



LEV III Tel. 288868

10th week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

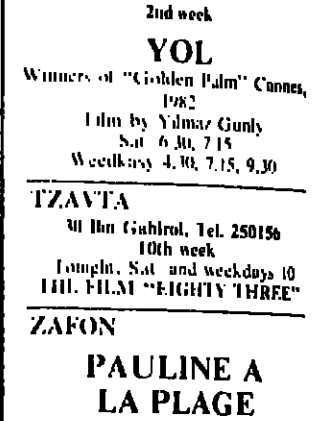


LEV IV
10th week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LEV V
10th week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

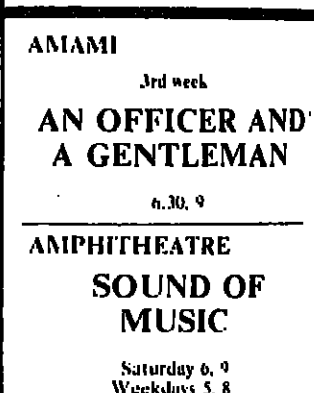
TEL AVIV Tel. 288868

3rd week
James Bond 007
OCTOPUSSY
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 6.45, 9.30



2nd week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 6.45, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM
2nd week
YOL
Winners of "Golden Palm" Cannes, 1982
Film by Yilmaz Gunay
Sat. 6.30, 7.15
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30



HAIFA Cinemas

No showings Monday evening due to Tisha B'Shva.

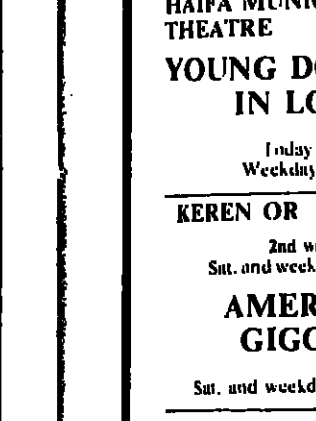


AMAMI
3rd week
AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN
6.30, 9

AMPHITHEATRE
2nd week
SOUND OF MUSIC
Saturday 6, 9
Weekdays 5, 8

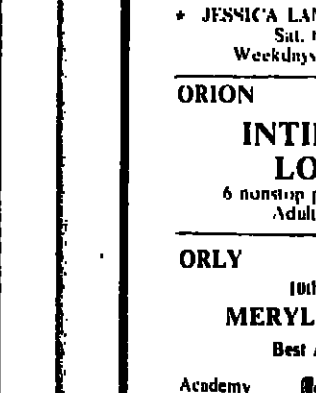
FISTS AND TIGER CLAWS

3rd week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 6.45, 9.30



2nd week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 6.45, 9.30

HAIFA MUNICIPAL THEATRE
2nd week
YOUNG DOCTORS IN LOVE
Today 2.30
Weekdays 6.30



HAIFA Cinemas

No showings Monday evening due to Tisha B'Shva.

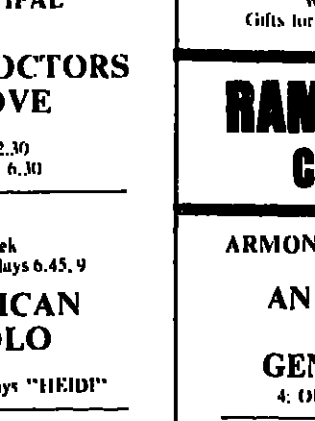


AMAMI
3rd week
AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN
6.30, 9

AMPHITHEATRE
2nd week
SOUND OF MUSIC
Saturday 6, 9
Weekdays 5, 8

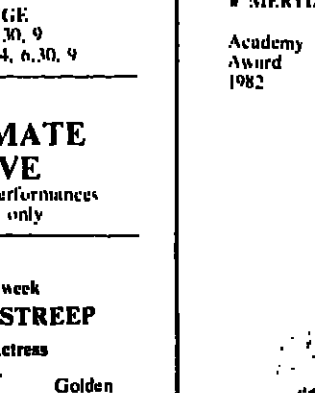
FISTS AND TIGER CLAWS

3rd week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 6.45, 9.30



2nd week
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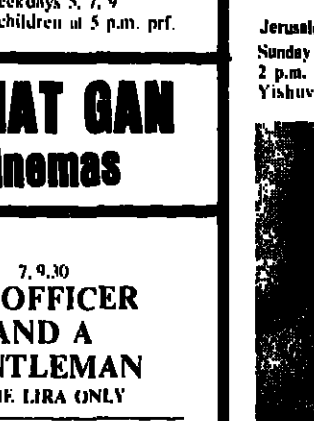


AMAMI
3rd week
AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN
6.30, 9

AMPHITHEATRE
2nd week
SOUND OF MUSIC
Saturday 6, 9
Weekdays 5, 8

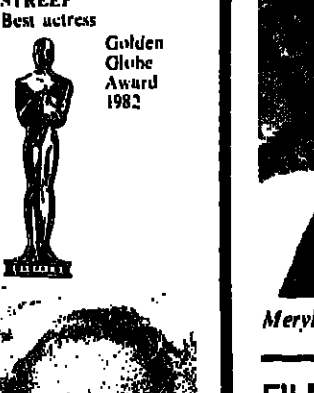
SHAVIT 3rd week

3rd week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 6.45, 9.30



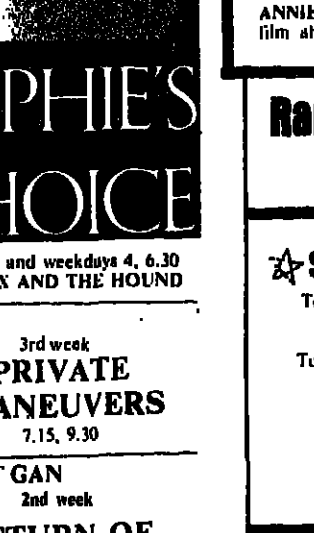
2nd week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 6.45, 9.30

SHAVIT
3rd week
KUNI LEMEL IN CAIRO
Sat. 7, 9
Gifts for children at 5 p.m. p.m.



RAMAT GAN Cinemas

3rd week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 6.45, 9.30

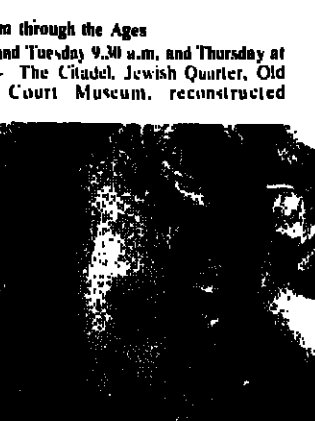


ARMON
7, 9.30
AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN
4, ONE LIRA ONLY

LILY
5th week
Tonight at 10
Sat. 9.30, weekdays 9.30
GANDHI
Sat. 7, weekdays 4, 7
SECRET OF NIMH

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

3rd week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 6.45, 9.30



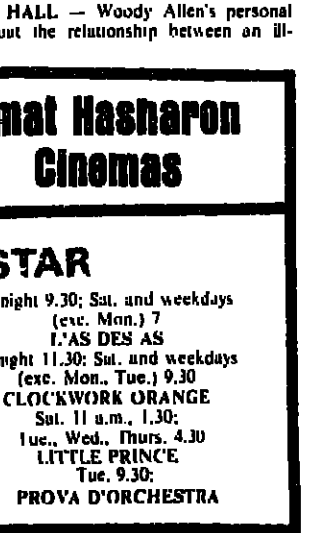
2nd week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 6.45, 9.30

ARMON
7, 9.30
AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN
4, ONE LIRA ONLY



RAMAT GAN Cinemas

3rd week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 6.45, 9.30

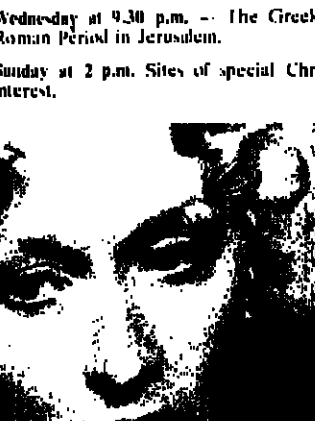


ARMON
7, 9.30
AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN
4, ONE LIRA ONLY

LILY
5th week
Tonight at 10
Sat. 9.30, weekdays 9.30
GANDHI
Sat. 7, weekdays 4, 7
SECRET OF NIMH

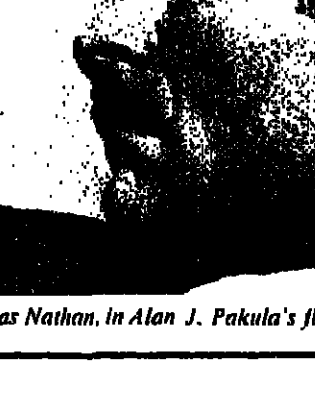
RAMAT GAN Cinemas

3rd week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 6.45, 9.30



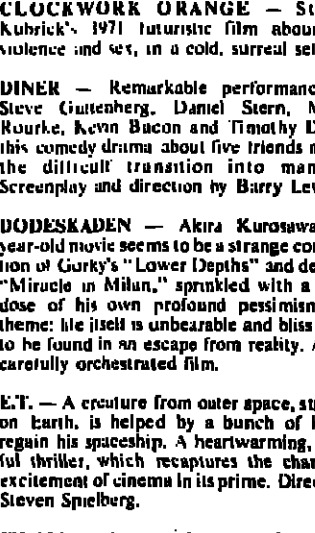
2nd week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 6.45, 9.30

ARMON
7, 9.30
AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN
4, ONE LIRA ONLY



RAMAT GAN Cinemas

3rd week
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Weekdays 4.30, 6.45, 9.30

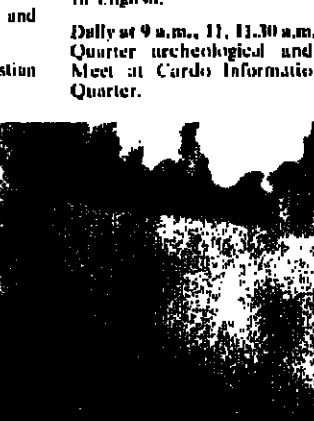


ARMON
7, 9.30
AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN
4, ONE LIRA ONLY

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Tonight at 10
Sat. 9.30, weekdays 9.30
GANDHI
Sat. 7, weekdays 4, 7
SECRET OF NIMH

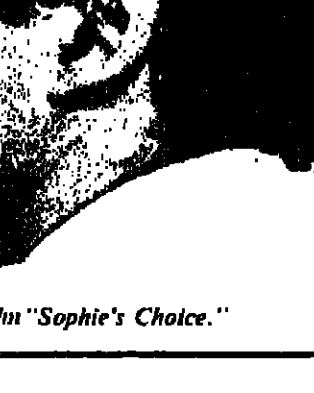
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Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 6.45, 9.30



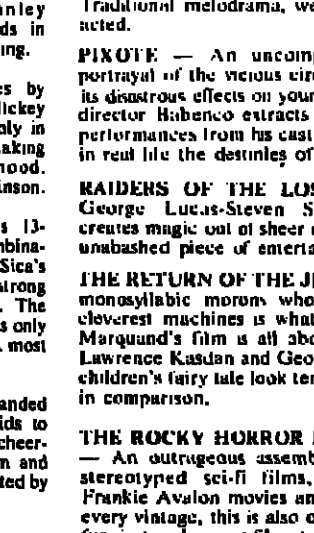
2nd week
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Weekdays 4.30, 6.45, 9.30

ARMON
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AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN
4, ONE LIRA ONLY



RAMAT GAN Cinemas

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Weekdays 4.30, 6.45, 9.30

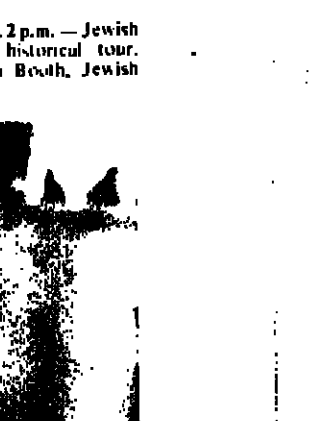


ARMON
7, 9.30
AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN
4, ONE LIRA ONLY

LILY
5th week
Tonight at 10
Sat. 9.30, weekdays 9.30
GANDHI
Sat. 7, weekdays 4, 7
SECRET OF NIMH

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

3rd week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 6.45, 9.30



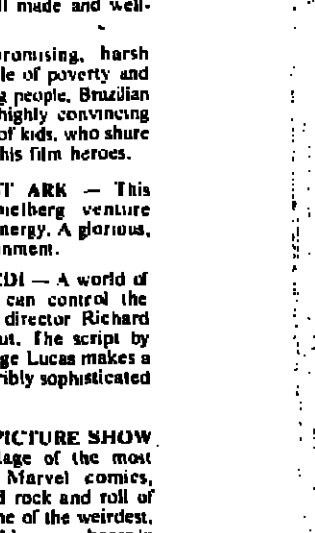
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Weekdays 4.30, 6.45, 9.30

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Weekdays 4.30, 6.45, 9.30



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4, ONE LIRA ONLY

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5th week
Tonight at 10
Sat. 9.30, weekdays 9.30
GANDHI
Sat. 7, weekdays 4, 7
SECRET OF NIMH

WALKING TOURS

(Continued from page A)

Thursday — Meet 8.00 a.m. Water reservoirs and new sites in the Jewish Quarter.

Jerusalem through the Ages

Sunday and Tuesday 9.30 a.m. and Thursday at 2 p.m. — The Citadel, Jewish Quarter, Old Yishuv Court Museum, reconstructed

Sephardi Synagogues, Western Wall.

Monday at 9.30 a.m. — The Canaanite and Israelite period in Jerusalem

Wednesday at 9.30 p.m. — The Greek and Roman Period in Jerusalem

Sunday at 2 p.m. Sites of special Christian interest.

Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate, and last 3-4 hours. Tickets may be purchased on the spot. All tours are guided in English.

Daily at 9 a.m., 11, 11.30 a.m., 2 p.m. — Jewish Quarter archeological and historical tour. Meet at Cardo Information Booth, Jewish Quarter.



Meryl Streep as Sophie and Kevin Klein as Nathan, in Alan J. Pakula's film "Sophie's Choice."

FILMS IN BRIEF

ANNIE — The comics serial about the little orphan who conquers the heart of a hard-boiled millionaire and introduces some horse sense and kindness in his world, has become first a stage musical and now a movie musical, losing most of its ingenuity in the process, and replacing it with the glamour and cuteness of old Hollywood.

ANNIE HALL — Woody Allen's personal film about the relationship between an ill-

matched couple. Focusing, humorous and totally convincing with the usual stock of terrific verbal and visual gags.

CANNERY ROW — A kind of mythical glorification of the simpler aspects of life by director Simon S. Ward. Beautiful camerawork by Sven Nykvist.

CLOCKWORK ORANGE — Stanley Kubrick's 1971 futuristic film abounds in violence and sex, in a cold, surreal setting.

DINER — Remarkable performances by Steve Guttenberg, Daniel Stern, Mickey Rourke, Kevin Bacon and Timothy Daly in this comedy drama about five friends making the difficult transition into manhood. Screenplay and direction by Barry Levinson.

DODESKADEN — Akira Kurosawa's 13-year-old movie seems to be a strange combination of Gurky's "Lower Depths" and de Sica's "Minister in Milan," sprinkled with a strong dose of his own profound pessimism. The theme: life itself is unbearable and bliss is only to be found in an escape from reality. A most carefully orchestrated film.

E.T. — A creature from outer space, stranded on Earth, is helped by a bunch of kids to regain his spaceship. A heartwarming, cheerful thriller, which recaptures the charm and excitement of cinema in its prime. Directed by Steven Spielberg.

FINALS — A puppy-love yarn based on a book by best-selling youth market novelist Gailtin Ron-Peder.

FLYING HIGH-THE SEQUEL — The rebirth of Flying-High I results in an interminable stream of one-line jokes, some of them amusing, but most of them flat.

FRANCES — The real-life story of actress Frances Farmer set in Hollywood of the '30s. Farmer is depicted as an individualist who is crushed by an industry for conformists. Excellent acting by Jessica Lange in the title-role.

M.A.S.H. — The new classic film about American G.I.s in the Korean War. Some hilarious scenes. Elliot Gould, Donald Sutherland and an excellent cast give fine performances.

MOONRAKER — The 11th in the James Bond series. A rousing, escapist film with brilliant special effects, including a three-tier, half-million dollar space station and an ending performance by 007's steel-toothed adversary, "Jaws."

PIXOTE — Michael Dorsey (Dustin Hoffman) puts on a woman's dress, a wig and a pair of high-heeled shoes — and succeeds in getting the part of a middle-aged female hospital administrator in TV soap. A most enjoyable comedy — possibly the best thing that ever happened to director Sydney Pollack.

TOOTSIE — Michael Dorsey (Dustin Hoffman) puts on a woman's dress, a wig and a pair of high-heeled shoes — and succeeds in getting the part of a middle-aged female hospital administrator in TV soap. A most enjoyable comedy — possibly the best thing that ever happened to director Sydney Pollack.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

This Week in Israel - The Leading Tourist Guide

special events

THE SEA OF GALILEE FESTIVAL 83

ONE PEOPLE
Wednesday, July 20 at 9 pm
on the lawns of the Young Tiberias Hot Springs.

COUNTRY MUSIC CONCERT
Thursday, July 21 at 9 pm
on the lawns of the Young Tiberias Hot Springs.

Sponsored by the Israel Discount Bank -
in support of Art & Culture

PEOPLE LOVE TO SING
Saturday, July 23 at 9 pm
on the lawns of the Young Tiberias Hot Springs.
In cooperation with the General Federation of Labour, Israel.

PEOPLE LOVE TO DANCE
Monday, July 25 at 9 pm
on the lawns of the Young Tiberias Hot Springs.

FROM THE IDF WITH LOVE
Wednesday, July 27 at 9 pm
on the lawns of the Young Tiberias Hot Springs.
Sponsored by the Shekhem Chain of Army Canteens and Department Stores.

KINNERET ROCK N'ROLL
Thursday, July 28 at 9 pm
Municipal Park, central Tiberias.

THE 1983 KINNERET MARITIME DAY
Wednesday, July 27 at 9 pm
The Yoram Webman Memorial Wind Surfing Competition -
Friday, July 29 from 9 am
across the promenade (across the Kinneret Marina)

SING ALONG, KINNERET
Saturday, July 30 at 9 pm
on the lawns of the Young Tiberias Hot Springs.

During the Sea of Galilee Festival an amusement park at the Tiberias Municipal Park will be open to the public nightly. Tickets for organized groups are now available. Phone in Tiberias (063) 20978 or Tel Aviv (03) 637772/3 for more information.

*30% discount to members of Bank Leumi le-Israel's "MOADON HATZAV", "TREMP LEUMI" and "CAMPUS", at Bank Leumi le-Israel branches in Tiberias, and on the evenings of the performances at the box office.

Special for children and youth: a ferry will travel along the beaches of Tiberias daily from 3 pm until 5 pm. 8 pleasure crafts, supplied by "Lido Tiberias" and "Shayt Kinneret" will be open to the public at minimal fees. Those who go on the cruises will be eligible to participate in a lottery for free tickets to the various Festival events.

BECOME A MILLIONAIRE AT THE SEA OF GALILEE FESTIVAL!!! During the Festival, sign up for the MIFAL HAPAYIS subscription plan at the Tiberias Municipal Park or at the Young Tiberias Hot Springs. TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OPPORTUNITY AND BECOME A MILLIONAIRE!

SPONSORED BY: bankleumi בנק לאומי

THE MINISTRY OF TOURISM
The Ministry of Education & Culture
The Municipality of Tiberias -
The Tiberias health and
Tourism Centre
Produced by:
The Association for Promoting
Tourism in Israel

Festive Opening Night of the Festival
*Colorful folklore show with folk dance troupes
representing the country's various ethnic groups.

The popular American country musicians
Bill Monroe and his band, Mac Wiseman
and his band, Wendy Holcombe and
her band.

Meeting and performance by glee clubs, choral groups
and lovers of the Hebrew song. The public is invited to
participate.

The 16th of Av, the Hebrew night of love! A folk
dancing happening for troupes and amateurs from all
over the country, all night long. The public is invited to
participate.

Entertainment troupes, Army orchestras and groups.
In cooperation with the Headquarters of the Chief
Education Officer, IDF.

Closing night of the week-long rock happening.
Choosing of No. 1 Rock Group of the 1983 Festival.

Beautiful water show next to Lido, Tiberias.
First aqua-scooter championship in Israel.
The individual aqua-scooter is sponsored by
the Danir Company.

A medley of songs about the Kinneret and Israel -
new tunes and old hits.

Pinkerton's passion

MUSIC & MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm

THE PHOENIX arising from the ashes of the late Israel National Opera has not disclosed its new plumes or plans. However, we did hear a rumour that its first production will be Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*. By coincidence, the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra plans to do the same opera in July, 1985. So we may be as much exposed to the strains of "Un bel di vedremo" as we were in the Thirties to Mozart's *Eine kleine Nachtmusik*.

It was an even stronger coincidence that I received this week a letter from an Israeli friend of mine who is spending a year as a visiting professor at Perugia University and went to Spoleto's Festival of Two Worlds to see...you guessed it: *Madama Butterfly*. After what he experienced there, he felt he had to write me this (slightly abridged) report, which I would like to share with you.

"What I witnessed the night before last, at the opening of the 26th Festival of Two Worlds, left me and most of the illustrious audience first bewildered, and then just amused...

"I will not divulge how I managed to gain admittance to the Teatro Nuovo where Italy's High Society (incl. Wally Toscanini, Simonetta Puccini et al) rubbed shoulders with the international festival set. None of my faculty colleagues, and certainly none of Perugia's 30,000 students, were here, when tickets went for over 150,000 lira (a mere \$100) and had been sold out weeks before. I probably was the only Israeli in the audience.

"The musical director, Maestro Gian-Carlo Menotti, explained in his introductory speech that old sets should be modernized so that a new generation could accept and like them. Ken Russell, the famous NZ-Australian director, had been in search of a new, meaningful mode of presentation. He saw in his version of *Madama Butterfly* his most fully expressed criticism of American materialism, and stressed his juxtaposition of the turbulent West with the serene Orient. I don't object to his view in principle but cannot forgive him for turning this classic into a musical, which a local newspaper described as "An Atomic Tragedy In A Bordello."

"Yes, the action takes place in a bordello in Nagasaki, owned and run by Goro. He promises his friend Sharpless to introduce his beautiful Butterfly, a high-class prostitute, to Lt. Pinkerton of the *Benjamin Franklin*, anchored at Nagasaki Port. She is to pretend to be a geisha. Since this takes place in the Thirties (well before Pearl Harbour), many sailors of the *Benjamin Franklin* visit the bordello, where naked girls of pleasure ply their wares and some couples dance...the *Charleston*. Pinkerton falls in love with Butterfly, wants to marry her immediately (in the bordello); all officers are invited, as well as Butterfly's parents, who all drink either Coca-Cola or Johnny Walker Black Label. The ceremony is conducted by a priest, who seizes his chance to make a Christian out of her. Finally, the couple are left alone to make love on a mattress, but not before she has prepared a huge bowl of Kellogg's Cornflakes for

Pinkerton's breakfast...end of Act One.

"Butterfly, now a married woman, stops accepting her old clients. Living on the meagre pay of a navy officer is difficult, so she forces her maid, Suzuki, to work for both of them. Waiting for Pinkerton gradually wears her down - she gets bored, drinks a lot, switches from cigarettes to hash and finally to opium. This helps Ken Russell to reveal to the viewer her innermost dream; she is seen as a middle-class American housewife soaked in consumerism, with a radiant husband plus Pinky Junior wearing a Micky Mouse mask. She wakes, and faces Goro, who has other ideas of how to spend time in a bordello, but Butterfly easily rescues herself by applying the appropriate karate blow. Several years later, Pinkerton, now a captain, reappears, with his gloriously slim American wife, to claim his son, whom Butterfly meanwhile had borne him. Butterfly is totally confused, but Suzuki explains to her the situation, and we see that in Japan even a prostitute can muster up sufficient courage to commit honourable *harakiri*.

"The end? 200 glaring lights are lit with a terrific bang, and this signifies that the (second) atomic bomb has been dropped on Nagasaki. Everything disappears in smoke. When the dust and din finally settle, the shell of the wrecked bordello is still recognizable, and then sky nads appear in sky-writing, which present the Japanese economic miracle. We learn that Suzuki has become the trade name of a motorbike.

"Don't you think this a little stupid? We accept satire easily, and even cynicism, to a certain degree, but this over-emphatic anti-Americanism had a boomerang effect on the production. It would have been pleasant to praise the musical side of the production but the orchestra was conducted in a slipshod fashion (Noam Sheriff's Kibbutz Chamber Orchestra could have done a better job), and the acting was the singers' best feature. What could you expect of a cast that included not a single Italian!

KEN RUSSELL, according to my correspondent, had these answers to his critic's questions.

"Why does Butterfly remain living in the bordello, after an honourable marriage to an American?"

"Well, where would she find other accommodation in crowded Nagasaki?"

"Why the Charleston anachronism? Didn't you find the conducting 'disastrous'?"

"I am not an expert on music. I find that, even if the conductor did not stress the dramatic part of the music, my production assured that none of the audience fell asleep, as is usual in *Butterfly*. As to the Charleston, it was a popular dance and tune, long before 1930."

"How do you explain the atomic bomb in 1930? It was dropped on August 9, 1945."

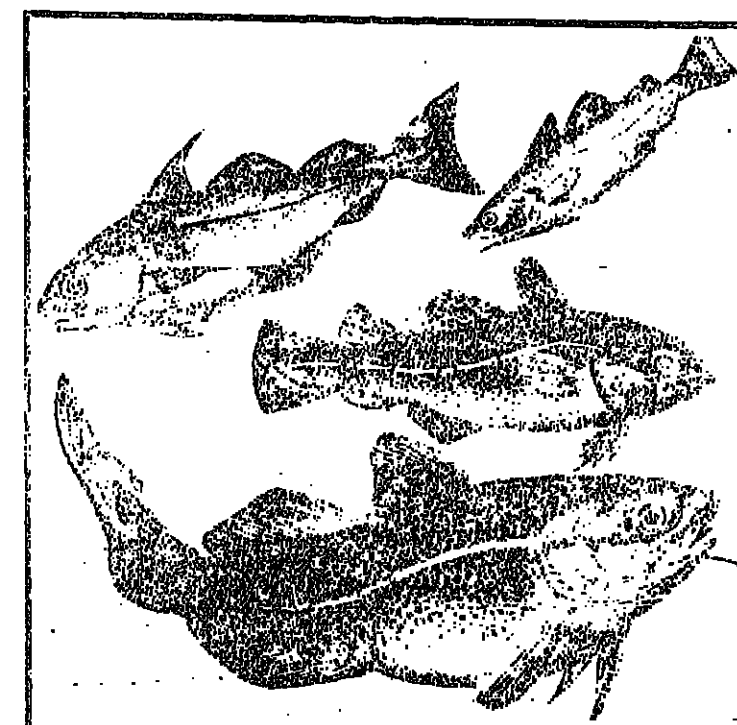
"Now this element is only symbolic and must be understood metaphorically."

Readers of my column may want to keep this description of *Madama Butterfly* to compare with Zubin Mehta's in 1985.

WE HAVE a hard and fast rule around our house: unless it is a matter of life and death, never go to Tel Aviv between May and October. To anyone who has ever had the misfortune to descend to the coast in this season - or heaven forbid, to anyone who actually lives there - the reasons are obvious.

Nevertheless, a fuse blowing on the little madcap's illuminated drawings-able qualities as a life-and-death matter. A month or so earlier, the shop in Jerusalem had sent the light fixture on to us. Tel Aviv branch - apparently it is the custom, by way of Alph. - sent it. Finally we had no alternative but to mount an expedition to the tropical plain ourselves, find the Tel Aviv branch manager, seize him by the hot and sticky collar of his shirt and - but you've been through that sort of scene yourself.

Mission accomplished, we then hacked our way through the steaming cane fields and malarial savannah of the city until, manic lemmings that we were, we reached the sea. The reason for this death-defying trek, of course, was so that my ever-romantic companion could satisfy her urge to watch the sun sink roily into the western expanses of the ocean.



Finny fare

MATTERS OF TASTE / Matthew Nesvicky

A tempting grouper steak (*lokus* in the local lingo). Mrs. Companion selected a limousine-length mullet.

As our victims were being subjected to the *Incantation* routine, Mrs. Companion, who had been told that the mullet was a delicacy, selected a limousine-length mullet. There was, of course, an abundant choice of crisp salad greens, including several varieties of those nauseatingly nutritious sprouts. I always avoid these, fearing vitamin shock; in any case, my doctor has advised me to lay off the health foods for a while.

Instead, I was diverted by several other options that qualify less as salad and more as full-fledged appetizers. These included pickled artichoke hearts stuffed with tuna salad, and two varieties of stuffed, sliced eggplant done just the way I like them - that is, with no taste of eggplant in evidence.

My adventurous sidekick, meanwhile, stocked up on rolled, pickled beef stuffed with fruit, and one or two other items which she greedily refused to share with her b'wana. Both of us, however, helped ourselves to about a quarter-kilo each of the pickled capers, intoxicating delicacies of which we can never get our fill.

AS LUCK would have it, the Tel Aviv Hilton that evening was just introducing its new fish-grill-on-the-terrace. The hotel continues to offer its well-known beef barbecue on the terrace on Wednesday nights, but for the remainder of the summer it is now featuring on all other nights charcoaled denizens of the deep.

The grill is as follows. First you select your table on the terrace, preferably in a spot with a good view of the ocean and not too close to the singer-guitarist. Then you choose your fish. These are displayed on a hillock of crushed ice, and I must say they were handsome specimens indeed, scrubbed and shining and all in all looking much fresher than what is usually available at Jerusalem's Mahane Yehuda market.

The varieties included all of the usual finny fare netted off Jaffa port, as well as plump St. Peter's fish that had evidently wriggled their way down from the Kinneret just to be in on the fun. Choosing was difficult, but I finally settled on

a tempting grouper steak (*lokus* in the local lingo). Mrs. Companion selected a limousine-length mullet.

As our victims were being subjected to the *Incantation* routine, Mrs. Companion, who had been told that the mullet was a delicacy, selected a limousine-length mullet. There was, of course, an abundant choice of crisp salad greens, including several varieties of those nauseatingly nutritious sprouts. I always avoid these, fearing vitamin shock; in any case, my doctor has advised me to lay off the health foods for a while.

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NO SOONER had we packed away this selection of first courses than our fish swam back into our ken. Each was served piping hot on a platter accompanied by a baked potato, grilled tomato topped with chopped spinach, and other garnishes.

My grouper was very nicely turned out. The appellation steak for this cut of fish is certainly apt. It has long been my contention that anything tastes good grilled over charcoal. I once dined on the delicate little filets of a six-kilo porcupine that a friend had bagged in Upper Galilee; roasted with charcoal even that critter was yummy. So certainly the meaty slice of grouper was enhanced by the Hilton grill.

M.C.'s mullet was lean and flaky and more than filling. Like my grouper, the mullet proved that for your next outdoor barbecue, you

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WHEN, SOME TIME soon, they come to bury printed humour, they'll put on its tombstone: "Here lies the funny piece. Born BCE, killed by colour TV at the end of the 20th century."

Because the small but hungry screen has swallowed many things already, and along with the written word it's done for laughter in black and white too. And rightly so, because who needs it?

Only consider. The humorist pictures some funny event to himself and passes it on by means of the printed word. The customer reads the piece, and the grey cells in his head translate the words back into a visual image.

And that's exactly what television does. It supplies the viewer with the end-product, the finished picture, direct from producer to consumer without any go-between or write-between, making it unnecessary to trouble the grey cells, or what is left of them, in the human brain. It's like any other modern article — instant, no-iron, no-wrinkle and no-think. The viewer doesn't even have to do his own laughing, as that comes ready-made on the sound track.

What's left for the little humorist to do? He can jump on the bandwagon and start producing entertainment for the millions. Alternatively, he can shut up shop and humbly join the viewing public in his armchair.

Or get himself interviewed on TV. For that, by a curious twist, still goes: the more superfluous the humorist becomes, the more grey cells cross to the other pavement on seeing him, the more the TV crowd like displaying this nearly extinct animal in their glass cage.

And that may well be the best way of shutting him up.

THE INTERVIEWER, sure enough, is supposed to make his guest talk, but that's only in theory; in practice, the adept interviewer turns the writer into just another listener. All he needs for that is a bit of experience and a couple of encyclopaedias. Experience the interviewer gets by appearing on every talk show, panel and magazine, live or dead. Encyclopaedias he buys on instalments, along with a carpet or two, at the door.

Whereupon he stretches out on the carpet and opens the encyclopaedias, Vol. Hatchet-Iguana, and copies out everything written there under the heading of "Humour," thereby becoming an instant carpetwit. Now he's ready for the interview, which runs more or less as follows:

Carpetwit: Hi, Ephraim, nice to have you with us. Tonight we'd like to hear your views on the subject: "Does true Israeli humour exist, and why doesn't it." I may mention to start with that "humour" is a Latin word meaning "moisture."

Humorist: Is that so?

Carpetwit: To answer your question, Ephraim, I've always felt that humour is, in effect, nothing but accumulated mental tension seeking alleviation or relief. Don't you agree?

Humorist: Well, I don't know, all I want is to make people laugh...

Carpetwit: Bless you, man, bless you, because from my own observation, laughter is the spasmodic utterance accompanied by facial distortion that forms the instinctive expression of mirth...

NOT THAT he's learnt it all by heart, of course. The camera stays on the victim most of the time, so nothing prevents Carpet from reading it straight out from the



Televisitations

Ephraim Kishon

notes he's prepared at home. He can pick his nose too, scratch, or cock an eyebrow at Yoske: "How many minutes left till Kaz?"

Still, the humorist wishes to acquit himself as well as possible, so he declares:

"I wouldn't say that Israeli humour..."

"Why wouldn't you?" Carpet interrupts. "Look, even Kant and Schopenhauer agree that laughter emanates from a sense of the incompatible, or as Voltaire put it in his famous debate with Lessing: Humour is a compound of pathos and playfulness, reflecting a profoundly Aristotelian antithesis of the Platonic transcendent universal."

The writer is visibly shrinking under the burden of all those encyclopaedias, which are notoriously heavy. By the time the interviewer comes home to Spinoza and Shalom Aleichem, our humorist is one foot tall.

"Apropos Mendele," the power-drunk Carpetwit remarks, "know that joke about the rabbi and the goat?"

"Yes."

"So listen, so Hershele goes to the rabbi to complain, so the rabbi tells him to get a goat and take it in..."

HE'S GOT the writer's goat too, he has, and the writer rebels.

"Apropos goat," he says, talking fast, "may I remind you of Kafka's

definition of a joke as a possible way of speaking truth?"

Carpet, who obviously thinks of this whole business not so much as an interview as an interme, flushes with anger at one's impudence, and goes on the offensive:

"I don't say it isn't," he says, feverishly hunting through his notes, "though personally I tend to accept Freud's view that humour is, fundamentally, nothing but a psychoneurotic deviation designed to avoid the conflict of relations with the other sex."

So then we take advantage of the fact that this is a live broadcast, and say loud and clear:

"I don't understand that."

Carpet looks up from his notes, and for the first time there's a gleam of uncertainty in his eye, since he, of course, doesn't understand it either, but had figured we'd stick to the rules and refrain from displaying our ignorance in public.

"Freud meant — like — I mean," he stammers, and gone is all his confidence, "that humour is — like — a deviation."

"Sorry, I still don't understand."

At his point our interviewer collapses together with his deviation, and we proceed to hoist him, with his own carpet:

"I believe," we declare, "that you muffed a line in your encyclopaedia. That's a quotation from the previous entry: 'Homosexuality.'"

Maybe that also explains why we're so rarely interviewed on Israel TV.

Translated by Miriam Arad. By arrangement with Ma'ariv.

Furry tales

CINEMA/Dan Fainaru

WITH *The Return of the Jedi*, technology has dealt the final blow to humanity. Movies don't have to be about people anymore; they have to be about gimmicks, imaginary creatures and legendary encounters between good and evil, with definitions for both sides muddled enough to incorporate anybody anywhere.

Lawrence Kasdan and producer George Lucas are credited with the script, whose intricacies would make a children's fairy tale look terribly sophisticated in comparison, and whose characters would make any comic-book hero seem complex.

As for the director, he seems to be a negligible commodity around the mammoth enterprise. The movie — the third in the series of *Star Wars* — is undoubtedly the most successful venture in the history of cinema. This time it is handled by Richard Marquand, but given the similarity between the

three films, one can't help suspecting that producer Lucas (who was also director in the first one) was pretty much on the set and in control of the other two as well.

The only difference that might be felt here is that members of the cast, essentially the same we've grown accustomed to — Mark Hamill (Luke Skywalker), Harrison Ford (Han Solo) and Carrie Fisher (Princess Leia), to mention the more visible ones — seem to be very uncomfortable with their lines. Which is understandable, judging by the lines they have to speak. But it does

not say too much for the talent of the director himself.

Still, the film is undoubtedly a winner. This is not so much opinion as it is fact. The movie has already recovered its initial cost in the first week of release in U.S. And that is surely a subject for sociological research. Once again, there is a plethora of monsters, who somehow remind one very much of a grotesque version of the Muppets (perhaps because one of the Muppets' parents, Frank Oz, is directly responsible for the character of Yoda, a cute shrivelled little

monkey with huge ears). The latest addition to the cast of the virtuous is a race of furry creatures, half midgets, half teddy bears, called Ewoks who use bows and arrows but have no difficulty manning the latest space technology.

As for the story, there simply is none. Once again, the rebels try to destroy the evil Emperor and his chief henchman, Darth Vader. The rest consists of battles in which every technique is employed. Dialogue has shrunk to the bare essentials as most creatures use different sort of grunts to express themselves, with the accommodating C3PO always around to translate.

Maybe that really is the world of tomorrow. A world of monosyllabic morons who can control the cleverest machines (presuming, that is, that they themselves are not machines) and move in a universe which resembles, more than anything else, one of those video games on sale everywhere. □

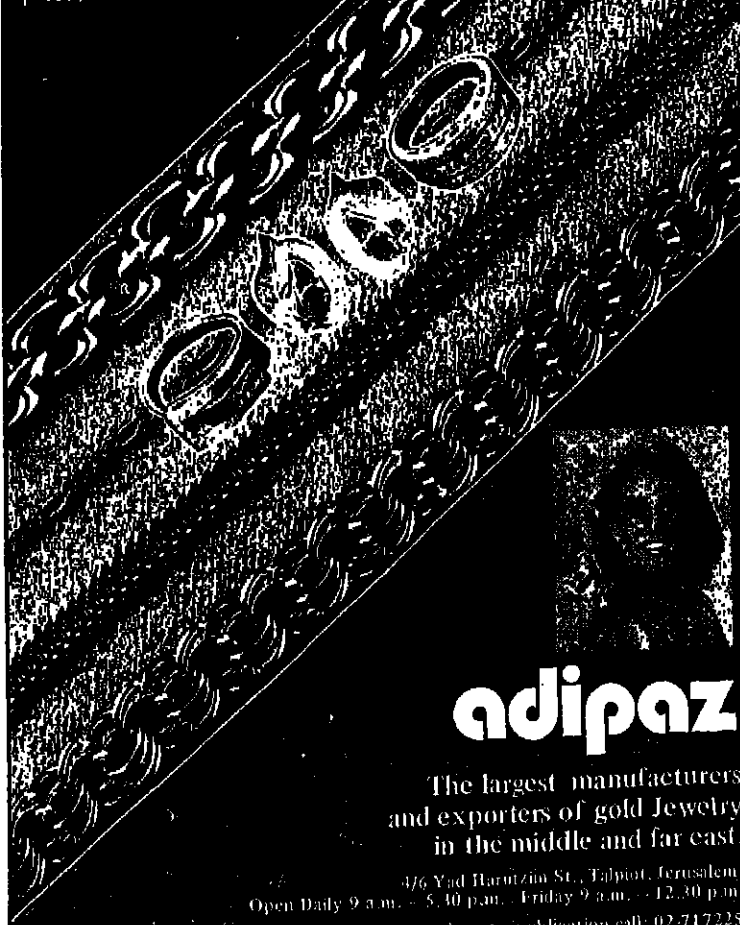


Furry creature from 'Jedi.'

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Mendelssohn Concerto

Opus 1 - World Premiere

*Beit Shaan, "Kimron Auditorium, July 21 at 9.15 pm.

Mendelssohn Concerto

Opus 1

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"Giselle" Act II

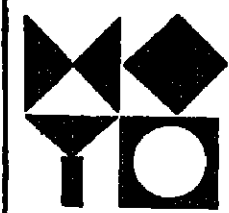
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Venonite Torah Finials ("Rimonim")

EVENTS

PERFORMING ARTS ON FILM

Saturday, July 16 at 20.30
Opera: "AIDA" by Giuseppe Verdi
 Filmed at a live performance of the opera at the antique theatre in D'Orange, France, with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Grace Burndy

CHILDREN'S FILM

Sun., July 17: Mon., July 18; Tues., July 19; Thurs., July 21 at 11.00 & 16.30
 Wed., July 20; Fri., July 22 at 11.00
"CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG" — Ian Fleming's classic fantasy about a flying car, with Dick Van Dyke and Sally Anne Hawes

SPECIAL SCREENING

Monday, July 18 at 14.00
"GEORGE SEGAL" (58 min.)
 George Segal is shown installing a retrospective of his works, working on new pieces, and commenting on the nature of his plaster-cast sculptures. (free entrance to film)

FILM

Tuesday, July 19 at 20.30
"VICTOR/VICTORIA" (England 1980)
 Dir. Blake Edwards; with Judy Andrews, Robert Preston, James Garner

SPECIAL SCREENING

Wednesday, July 20 at 14.00
"AMERICAN ART IN THE 60's" (57 min.)
 Clement Greenberg provides frequent comments and interpretations showing how and why big name artists of the 60's painted and shaped forms the way they did. (free entrance to film)

CHILDREN'S CONCERT

Afternoon programmes that combine listening to musical masterpieces with interesting, entertaining explanations of the works.
 Wednesday, July 20 at 16.15
CONCERT FOR SOLO INSTRUMENTS
 Works by Vivaldi, Telemann, Satomou. With members of the Israel Sinfonietta Music director Mendel Rodan. Courtesy of Ellen Wevi, Zurich.

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH

Museum: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 11.00; Tues. at 16.30
 Rockefeller Museum: every Friday at 11.00
 Shrine of the Book: Monday, July 18 at 15.30

SPECIAL OPENING HOURS

Summer exhibitions — From "Pong" to Home Computer (closed on Saturdays) — George Segal — Photographs of Manuel Alvarez Bravo — will be open Sun., Mon., Wed. & Thurs. 10.00—22.00

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Please note our expanded opening hours

VISITING HOURS: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Tues. 10.00 to 22.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00 to 14.00

SHRINE OF THE BOOK: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Tues. 10.00 to 22.00; Fri. 10.00 to 16.00; Sat. 10.00 to 14.00

BILLY ROSE SCULPTURE GARDEN: Sun., Thurs. 10.00 to sunset; Fri., Sat. & holidays 10.00 to 14.00

ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM: Sun., Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00 to 14.00

LIBRARY: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Tues. 16.00 to 20.00

GRAPHICS STUDY ROOM: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11.00 to 13.00; Tues. 16.00 to 20.00

TICKETS FOR SATURDAY: Available in advance at the Museum and at the ticket agencies: Tel Aviv—Rococo, Etzion, Le'ah and Castel; Jerusalem—Kla'im.

LAST APRIL everyone marvelled at the ability of impresarios Yehuda Talit, Gad Oron and Amnon Zaban to sell a nation of only four million 49,000 tickets to see the kids from Fame.

Now Shmuel Zemach, doyen of our local impresarios, together with Haim Slutsky, will try to beat that incredible feat by selling over 60,000 tickets to Rod Stewart fans — at prices ranging from IS900 to IS1,200 a ticket. The rock superstar is slated to give two concerts at the Ramat Gan sports stadium on July 21 and 23.

Considered one of the most electrifying live entertainers in rock music, Stewart's gutsy vocals and outrageous strut make him a number one concert draw. To maintain the stamina needed to spend seven months on tour, he jogs three miles a day, plays soccer twice a week, lifts weights and limits himself to moderate drinking.

During the biggest rock production ever held in Israel, 30 footballs will be kicked into the audience, fireworks will go off with a bang and lots of other crazy things will happen. No less than 350 policemen, 425 ushers and a private guard company will maintain order during Stewart's performances, to which a plane-load of fans from Greece and groups of fans from Egypt and Cyprus are arriving.

RODERICK David Stewart was born in 1946, in a working-class district of London. Though he grew up in English, his lineage is Scottish and to this day he maintains a strong loyalty to that country and, of course, to its national football team.

Stewart was captain of his school team and came very close to choosing professional soccer as a career. In 1961, aged 16, he was signed to the Brentford Football Club. It was only after the coach told him he wouldn't make it in the pro leagues that he opted for a career in music.

His early musical interests ranged from folk to Bob Dylan to Muddy Waters, Sam Cooke and Otis Redding. Supporting himself working at odd jobs such as grave-digging and delivering newspapers, Stewart entered the world of music, playing with a variety of groups. He first attracted attention in the mid-1960s, while performing with the Jeff Beck Group, and then enhanced his reputation as lead singer of The Faces, with whom he recorded seven albums, including "A Nod's As Good as a Wink to a Blind Horse" and "Coast to Coast/Overture." His first number one solo hit was "Maggie May."

Stewart recorded three solo albums while still with The Faces — *The Rod Stewart Album*, *Gasoline Alley*, and *Every Picture Tells a Story*. All three overshadowed the group's communal releases, and the third clinched Stewart's status as a solo star.

He continued to sing with The Faces, however, and to release his own albums: *Never A Dull Moment*, *Sing It Again, Rod*, *Smiler*, and *Atlantic Crossing* (source of the single hit "Sailing"). He also appeared in a London revival of the rock opera, *Tommy*.

AFTER LEAVING The Faces, the singer recorded *A Night on the Town*, which included "The Killing of George" and the international hit, "Tonight's the Night." His 1977 album, *Footloose and Fancy-Free*, produced the hits "Hot Legs" and "You're in My Heart." His 1979 *Blondes Have More Fun* sold better than any previous album and the cut "Da Ya Think I'm Sexy?" became

Hot Rod



Roderick D. Stewart

BETWEEN ACTS

Joan Borsten

the fastest-selling single in Warner Brothers history.

Following this achievement, in 1969 Stewart released his *Greatest Hits LP and Foolish Behaviour*, which featured the top single "Passion." There have been three more albums since — *Tonight I'm Yours*, *Rod Stewart Absolutely Live* and his latest, *Body Wishes*, which the singer is promoting in this his '83 International Tour, which includes Europe, South Africa, Australia and the Far East.

Superstar Stewart has producers Zemach and Slutsky running around in frenzied circles obeying all his demands and indulging his idiosyncrasies.

For instance, four international telephone lines must be attached to the stage during performances, so that Stewart, an ardent football fan, can call up football teams all over the world to find out game results. On a recent performance in the U.S., he called up his brother back home, where it was four in the morning, to tell him how much he missed him.

A caterer has been hired to supply the special food Rod simply must have after performing — and don't tell anyone... but the fireworks display is to provide a smokescreen behind which the star will be whisked away after the show, before thousands of screaming fans can lay their hands on him and tear him apart.

A special El Al plane is flying Stewart and 40 band members, soundmen and technicians to Israel, while 10 tons of sound equipment

have been shipped here 10 days before the performance, to allow time for setting up. Meanwhile, 25 men have been working for five weeks to build the special stage, complete with roof and kinetic screen, for the show.

By the way, the sound and light team accompanying the superstar is the one which accompanied the recent Rolling Stones and Pink Floyd tours, and, if all goes well during Rod's performances, the producers are hoping to bring the Stones to Israel next.

SESAME STREET comes to Israel next September. According to Ruth Ben Shaul, the show's executive producer here, Educational TV has wanted the popular children's programme for years, but never had the budget to acquire rights to it.

Last year, after an Arabic version was prepared for Kuwait, some American Jews decided to raise the necessary funds. A grant from the Revson Foundation made it possible to acquire the first 65 segments, from Children's Television Workshop, the New York-based company which owns and produces the show. A drive is now underway to finance acquisition of the next 130.

Many countries have purchased rights to *Sesame Street*. Most simply dub the programme; a few add an introduction and conclusion in the national language. Israel has decided to combine the American animation, puppet shows, and film segments with episodes produced locally, "in the same spirit as the original."

The first 65 segments will be composed of 17 minutes of The American show, dubbed or narrated in Hebrew, and 10 to 12 minutes in Hebrew. The next 130 segments will see the Israel-produced content increased to make up 50 percent of the programme.

Big Bird has been banished. In his place will be Porcupine Kipi Ben Kipode, a quicker, less mellow, more hyperactive (real Israeli) character. Most puppets have been given Hebrew names, and now speak with a distinctly Israeli flavour.

Sesame Street has become *Rehov Sunsum*, reminiscent of streets in Neve Zedek and Jaffa and populated by children from every possible background. There are Arabs as well as Jews, and a new immigrant from France. The second phase will introduce a new immigrant from an "Anglo-Saxon" country.

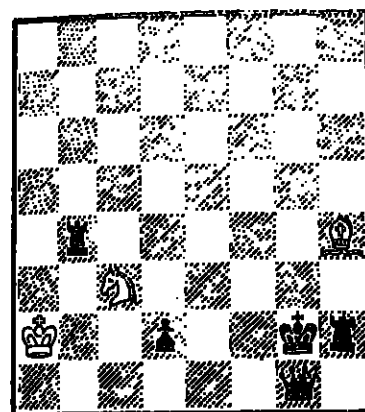
In a departure from the usual programming practices, *Rehov Sunsum* will be broadcast six times a week, and in addition, all of the merchandise related to the show — stationary, bed sheets, posters, records, games and toys — will be available in local stores.

The project is an immense undertaking. Nonetheless, Ben Shaul and her team took additional time out last week to film the pilot for a bilingual *Rehov Sunsum*. The Hebrew-English version will be hosted by actor Mike Burstyn, who plays a "new immigrant" still learning the language and traditions. The Hebrew portions will be subtitled.

The powers that be at Educational TV believe there is a great need, in the U.S. and elsewhere in the Diaspora, for children's programming that promotes Zionism, Israel and the Hebrew language. They are hoping that CTW, which is very interested in the concept, will succeed in selling the idea to cable or one of the Jewish networks.

CHESS

Eliahu Shahaf



Problem No. 3129
 V. SHINKMAN, USA
 1871
 Helpmate in three (3-5)
 Two solutions
 SOLUTIONS: Problem No. 3127 (Bernard), 1.Nb8!

GRINFELD TRIUMPHS IN RUMANIA

ALON GRINFELD, 19, from Beer-sheba, scored an unprecedented success when he came first in the international tournament at Timisoara, Rumania. The tournament was composed mainly of East European players. With 6 wins, 5 draws and a single loss, Grinfeld garnered 8½ points, one point ahead of runner-up Rosenberg of Rumania. Grinfeld's achievement earned him the title of International Master.

USSR WINS EUROPEAN TITLE

THE USSR won the European Team Championship held in Plovdiv, Bulgaria, defeating Hungary in the final round by 4½-3½. The winning team garnered 38 points out of 56 possible. Runner-up in the event was Yugoslavia, with 33 points, followed by Hungary, 31; Britain, 30; Holland 29½; Bulgaria 25; Denmark 20, and West Germany, 17½.

VIDEO CHESS CASSETTE

FILMING for the first video chess cassette, starring Orson Welles and GMS Yasset Seirawan and Larry Christiansen, has just been completed in Studio City, California. Welles performs as the narrator of the 2-hour cassette, while Seirawan and Christiansen explain the more technical aspects of chess. Release is scheduled for late July. Producer Bero Crnetic, explaining the basis of the project, said: "I feel that the public has had its fill of the usual 'video game junk' and will, if it is presented in an interesting way, become hooked on the royal game of chess."

Besides Orson Welles and the two GMS, the cassette features the latest in computer animation.

MUNICH TAKES BUNDESLIGA

THE MUNICH team, led by GM Pflieger and IMs Kindermann and Bischoff, won the Bundesliga, one of the world's strongest team championships, with a score of 25-5. Second place was occupied by Porz, led by GMS V. Hort and T. Miles, with 24-6. Frankfurt, headed by GMS G. Soosonko and E. Lohron, was third with 23-7. Solingen, which has captured first place many times, had to settle for fourth place with 22-8. Headed this year by GMS B. Spassky, L. Kavalek and H. Hecht, Solingen is reportedly recruiting GMS Hubner and Lubron to strengthen the team in an effort to claim the 1984 Bundesliga crown.

Below are two games from the tournament.

WERNER

1.e4 c6 2.d4 d5 3.ed5 ed5 4.Bd3 Ne6 5.c3 g6 6.h3 Nf6 7.Nf3 Bf5 8.Bf5 g5 9.d4 e6 10.Ne5 Bb6 11.Nd3 Rg8 12.Nd2 Ne4 13.Qh5 Qf6 14.Nf3 Qd6 15.Bf4 Qg7 16.g3 Bf4 17.Nf4 Ng3 18.fg3 Qg3 19.Kh1 Qh4 20.Qf7 Rg6. White resigns.

CALVO

1.d4 Nf6 2.c4 g6 3.Nc3 Bg7 4.e4 d6 5.Nf3 Qd4 6.Be2 e5 7.d5 a5 8.fg5 h6

9.Bh4 Na6 10.Nd2 Qe8 11.g4 Bg7 12.Nf1 Ne5 13.f3 Kh8 14.Qd2 f5 15.g5 g5 16.Rg1 Kh8 17.e5 e4 18.Rc7 Kc7 19.Qd4 Kc8 20.f4 Ne4 21.Nc4 Bf5 22.Nf2 Bc4 23.Ne4 Rf4 24.Nf6 Rf6 25.Bf6 Qf6 26.Bd3 Qh5 27.Vh7 Kc7 28.Qe4 Kc8 29.Qe2. Black resigns.

HUNGARIAN TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP

THE EVENT produced many interesting games. The following one, however, stands out as one of the wildest games played in recent years.

FORINTOS

1.d4 Nf6 2.c4 e6 3.Nc3 Bb4 4.Qc2 c5 5.d5 Bc3 6.Qc3 Ne4 7.Qg7 Qa5 8.Kd1 Nf2 9.Kc2 Rf8 10.Bc3 Nh1 11.Nh3 f6 12.g3 Na6 13.Bg2 Ne5 14.Bf3 Qa4 15.h3 Nh3 16.Bh5 Kc8 17.Qf8 Kc7 18.ab3 Qa1 19.Qc5 Kd8 20.Bf3 Qa2 21.Kc3 Qa1 2.Kh3 Qb1 23.Kc3 Qa1 24.Kb4 b6 25.Qh5 Qe1 26.Ka3 Qa1 27.Kb4 d5 28.c5 Qa5 29.Kc4 Ba6 30.Kd4 Qb4x.

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SUMMERTIME and the listenin' is jazzy. Charlie Fishman's jumpin' and his Third International Jazz Festival is high. This year Fishman's Kinneret Foundation for Israeli-American cultural exchange is presenting around 18 concerts, jams and master classes for local musicians throughout the country, all featuring a variety of top-class performers.

Final dates and venues for some gigs are still being worked out, but all events will be packed in between July 23 and August 3. Centrepiece will be the giant jam at the Sultan's Pool in Jerusalem on July 27, starting at 7:30 p.m. On that date all the guest artists will perform. Check the ads for the other events. Meanwhile, here's who's coming:

Dave Brubeck and his quartet will kick off the festival in a concert in Caesarea on July 23 at 9 p.m. Surely one of the most popular jazz pianists of all time, Brubeck's career encompasses nearly 40 years of music-making and the production of over 90 albums, three released last year alone.

Classically trained and influenced early on by the French composer Darius Milhaud, Brubeck brought jazz to the pop charts in the 1950s and became the first jazz artist to sell a million copies of an album, the famous time-signature experiment called *Time Out*.

During the 1970s Brubeck

Brubeck and son

ROCK, ETC. / Madeline L. Kind



Dave Brubeck

devoted much time to composing cantatas, oratorios, ballets, and music for chamber and symphony orchestras. The death of his long-time alto man Paul Desmond in 1977 was a severe personal loss. But now at 62, Bru is back on the road with a tight combo that includes son Chris Brubeck on bass guitar and trombone. Reviews I've seen say Chris is great and that Dad is as astonishing as ever.

IF BRUBECK isn't keyboard enough for you, we're also going to get to hear Herbie Hancock. This pianist has come a long way from

performing the Mozart D Major Piano Concerto at age 11 with the Chicago Symphony.

In 1963 Herbie embarked on a five-year stint with Miles Davis, and is credited with edging Miles in that period into fusion. Hancock subsequently formed his own sextet, playing mostly electric keyboards, and later recorded with Chick Corea, Santana, Michael Jackson and Quincy Jones.

In 1976 Hancock became interested in returning to the acoustic piano, and it was in that year at the Newport Jazz Festival in New York that he formed what was to become known as VSOP — Very Special Onetime Performance. Charlie Fishman tells me we'll be seeing Hancock here in an incarnation known as VSOP-II, which will include Ron Carter on bass, Tony Williams on drums, Branford Marsalis on saxophones, and Wynton Marsalis on trumpet.

Considered by most jazz fans as the premiere bassist in the U.S. today, Carter studied at the Eastman School of Music and got his master's at the Manhattan School of

Music, gigged early on with Eric Dolphy and Cannonball Adderley, and in 1963 joined the famous David Quintet, later leading his own group.

Williams was in that great Davis group as well, joining at the tender age of 23. He later formed his own band, which included guitarist John McLaughlin, and through the 1970s played with such diverse artists as Stanley Clarke, Jimi Hendrix, Jon Mitchell and Dizzy Gillespie. The dude in short is Mr. Modern Drums.

AFTER LAST year's jazz festival in Jerusalem, *Los Angeles Times* critic Leonard Feather put down trumpeter Allen Vizzutti and said the festival should have featured instead someone like Wynton Marsalis. That's just who Charlie Fishman netted this year. A veteran of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, he later played with Hancock, and has also led his own quintet, which includes brother Branford. All of 22 years old, Wynton attended Juilliard and is considered by many veteran musicians as the most exciting new trumpet in years.

VOCALIST Bobby McFerrin had his debut album in 1982 and it is entitled, appropriately enough, *Bobby McFerrin*. The good news is that not only is the record just being released here by Hed-Arzi, but that

the singer himself will appear at the festival.

McFerrin says he prefers the term vocalizer to singer, since what he does with his voice is so unusual, and frequently so non-verbal, that singer just doesn't describe it. *The New York Times* said that McFerrin "managed to vocalize instrumental imitations with a total validity... and to carry off a long, unaccompanied recitation of bebop licks, then a porting, glacial pop and a rapping line to create a vividly dramatic, sophisticated effect."

LAST year's local audiences just couldn't get enough of incomparable talents Larry Coryell, and an Italian-born arranged a return engagement. Coryell will again be accompanied by his protégé, Brian Keane. A superstar like Coryell needs no introduction; Keane himself is only a step away from superstardom.

A WORD about another festival, this one the Jacob's Ladder annual folk festival at Kibbutz Mahanayim. Festival is scheduled for August 26, beginning at 4 p.m. Musicians interested in performing are advised to send name, address, phone number and description of your type of music on a postcard to Colin at the kibbutz, Meriba Post, Upper Galilee. Telephone there is 067-37115.

HASING my opinion on the two programmes of "New Dance" films offered at the Jerusalem Cinematheque (and what I've seen abroad) and not on the five-night marathon at the Tel Aviv Cinematheque, I came away thinking the Americans had little with which to surprise us.

Yvonne Rainer in her *Trio A*, Trisha Brown in *Water Motor*, Dana Reitz in *Summer in Maine* and Andrew De Groat in *Cloud Dance* all performed their own solos. As for Meredith Monk in her *16mm. Earrings* (1966), we know from her visit here (and her *Ellis Island*) how much better she has become.

Marcia Siegel, critic and writer, who came specially at the invitation of the Dance Library of Israel to speak about the 40 films she had selected, made the point that the first programme (July 8, afternoon) was "New Dance" which broke away from the modern dance "establishment." The makers shook off the theories and techniques of the Martha Grahams, the Merce Cunninghams, the Paul Taylors. She asked rightly, "Is this dance?" and having researched all this, seemed inclined towards an affirmative answer. Yet the question remained hanging in the air.

What the films did show was that the Vietnam trauma of the '60s and the nuclear bomb threat since then had left the American young so in-

secure that they retreated into themselves and the "Me" period (to which Siegel made only passing reference).

Rainer and Brown indulged in blatant narcissism. Monk made a protest in a disjointed, child's game. Reitz hung from a tree branch (who doesn't?) De Groat used theatre aids — scrim, costumes — but did little with them except show off his personal beauty.

Before the second programme (July 9, evening), Siegel warned that some works were made as films, not as dances. The warning was hardly enough. Though more performers were involved, the effect was still negative.

Trisha Brown's *Men Walking Down the Side of a Building* had a sensational stuntman's act, but the rest was candid camera stuff. So was David Woodbury's *Invisible Dance*, where the crazy antics of performers in the streets remained unnoticed by the crowds, or drew only a chance glance. So was Toshiko Chuma's *Champing at the Bit*, with people doing unlikely things in a subway train. So was Joan Jonas's *Sunglady*, in which the players made incredibly unimaginative use of a large field, sticks, a hoop and other "props."

Our Rina Schenfeld could show them what can be done with sticks, our Yehudit Arnon with hoops, our

Trivia

DANCE/Dora Sowden

Alice and Eli Dor-Cohen with media. Only Carolyn Brown's *Dune Dance* showed us good dancers disporting themselves on some glorious sundrills — but then this Brown was for many years with Merce Cunningham.

Perhaps the programmes I didn't see contained more memorable matter. What I saw was mostly ephemeral trivia made permanent by the camera.

TALKING OF sand brings me to the Tamar dance group. Was it *huzpa* or a hoax that prompted the invitation to critics to come to the beach at Nof Maarivi (July 6) — a way-out spot for anyone with no car and no familiarity with the area?

Tamar, based in Ramle, recently made a praiseworthy debut in Tel Aviv. At Nof Maarivi, when I arrived hot and huffed, three men and two women, bikini-clad, plunged into the fresh-looking waters, rolled in with the waves, rolled out with the backwash, and combined loosely in some kind of dance.

They gathered stones and covered each other with them, dug holes fast like dogs burying bones, stood in the holes and used them as steady stands while they bent forward and back. Finally they plunged into the sea again. This whole operation took about half an hour and when I asked a dancer what this "happening" was about, he said it was an initial, largely improvisational stage in a bigger project planned for other beaches too. Surely a work should already be more substantial and more honed before it is publicly shown to critics?

IN THE PATIO of the Debell Gallery at Ein Kerem (July 9) an extraordinary performance took place. Sculpture emanating from a dance idea is not unusual, but to have dance performed as a type of living sculpture is something else.

Eli Dor-Cohen was exhibiting his paintings in the gallery, and he and his dancer-choreographer wife Alice presented, on a little improvised stage, a dance called "Crucified Woman." She was a verywoman, her head covered in net for anonymity. He was the propelling force within a pillar, whose surface he had painted in his symbolic-metaphoric style.

In her agonized movement — crawling, rolling, clutching at the

ground — she came into contact with the approaching pillar and was gradually overwhelmed, but escaped, rode upon it, then tore her way through a red backdrop (of cruelty?), presumably to safety — or rest. The music of Meredith Monk with its loaded sound could not have been better chosen.

This performance will be included in a programme in the Old Jaffa artists' quarter on July 25, when other works — by Rina Schenfeld and the Tamar Dance Group — will also be staged.

SIKI KOL and six members of the Hashveva Company have gone to Cologne to take part in a choreographic contest. Though the competition has been held annually for the past 14 years, this is the first time that a professional Israeli group is taking part. Siki Kol's work "Turmoil" is the Israeli entry. It will also be performed for the Cologne Jewish community.

WHEN DALIA LOW and her Spanish Company and their current season, they will have given 26 performances all over the country. This must be a record for a visiting group. Though Dalia herself is Israeli, her partner Juan de los Reyes, the guitarist David Serva, and the two gypsy singers all came from Spain.

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— Emigrants from Israel and drop-outs from the Russian emigration — is their Jewish future in jeopardy? Study evening, in cooperation with the American-Jewish Committee. Moderator: Yaron London. Participants: Rabbi Richard Hirsch, Prof. Eliezer Schweid, Abraham Infeld, Yoel Rappel.
Wednesday, July 20 at 8.30 pm.

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Screening of the film "Qu'est-ce qui fait courir David?"

The story of a young French Jew, a passionate cinema amateur, who attempts to combine all the important milestones of his life in an autobiographical film.

Director: Eli Chourqui. Starring Francis Huster, Nicole Garcia, Charles Aznavour.

The film is in French with Hebrew and English subtitles.
Sun., July 17 at 6 pm; Tues., July 18 at 5 pm; Thurs., July 21 at 8.30 pm.
Admission fees: IS 90 — members of Friends Association; IS 120 — non members.
Courtesy of Bank Leumi le-Israel.

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1. The Jews of San'a — Kiryat Sharet, Holon.
2. The Wonderful Island of Djerbe — Sderot.
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4. Synagogues in 19th Century Germany — Auditorium, Haifa.

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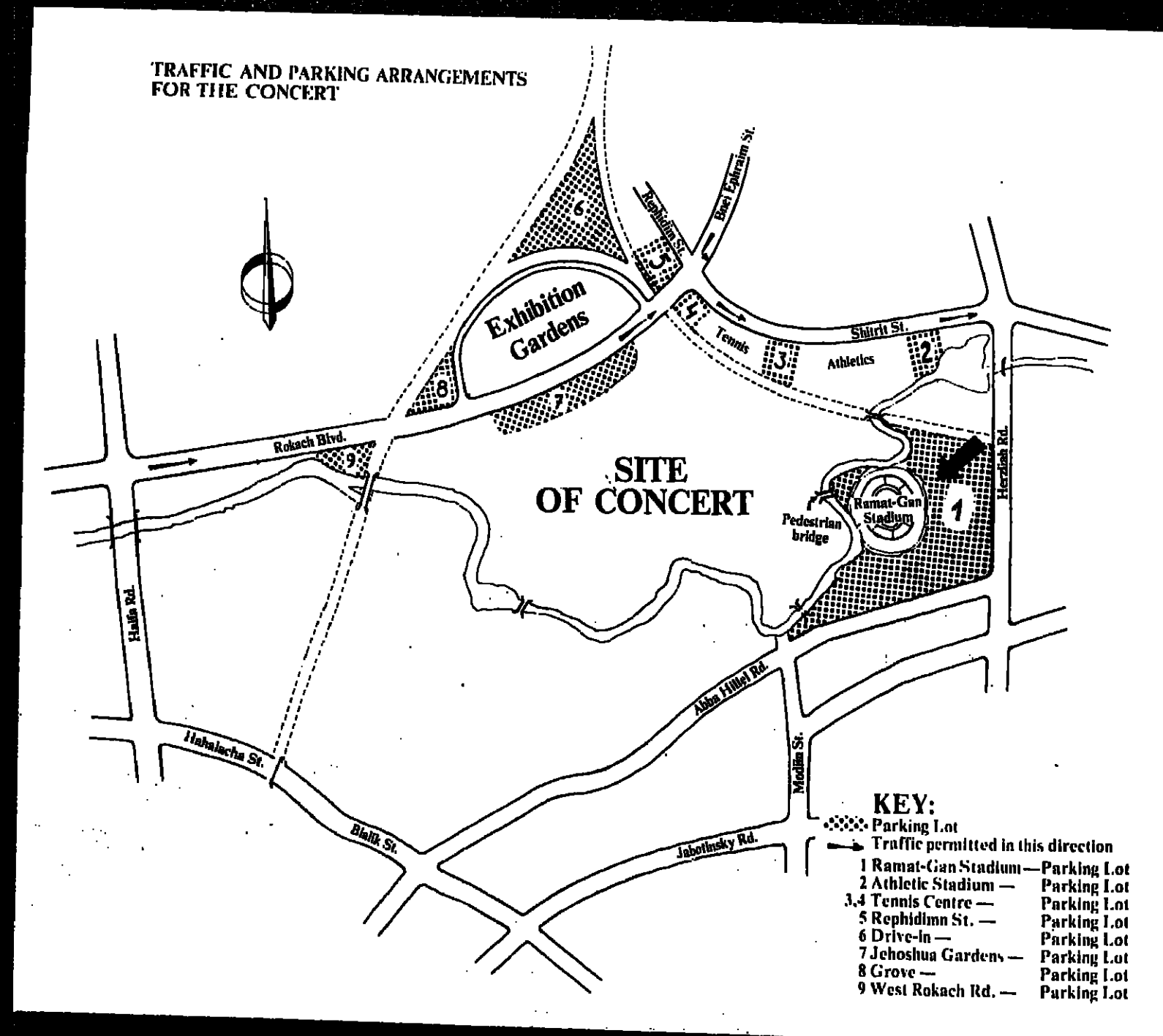
this week

HAIFA

THE PHILHARMONIC IN THE PARK

Tomorrow, Saturday 16th July at 9.00 p.m.
Traffic and Parking Arrangements

The Municipality of Tel-Aviv - Jaffa and the Police inform the public of changes in traffic movement and parking on Saturday evening 16.7.83 on the occasion of the open air concert by the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra in the Jehoshua Gardens, Hayarkon Park.



Special Arrangements for Private Cars:

Beginning at 7.00 pm, the direction of traffic flow will be reversed in Rokach Boulevard, between Haifa Rd and Shitrit St: one-way-only from west to east, prohibiting entrance to Rokach Boulevard from the direction of Bnei-Ephraim. Shitrit St will be converted to one-way-only from the direction of Rokach Blvd. to Herzliya Rd, prohibiting entrance to the Exhibition Gardens from Herzliya Rd. Vehicles arriving from the direction of Bnei-Ephraim St, Herzliya Rd and K.K.L. will be directed to parking at the Ramat-Gan Stadium. Entrance to Rokach Blvd. from the direction of Haifa Rd will be prohibited once the parking spaces have been filled in Rokach Blvd. and vehicles will be directed to the Reading Parking Lot and to the University area.

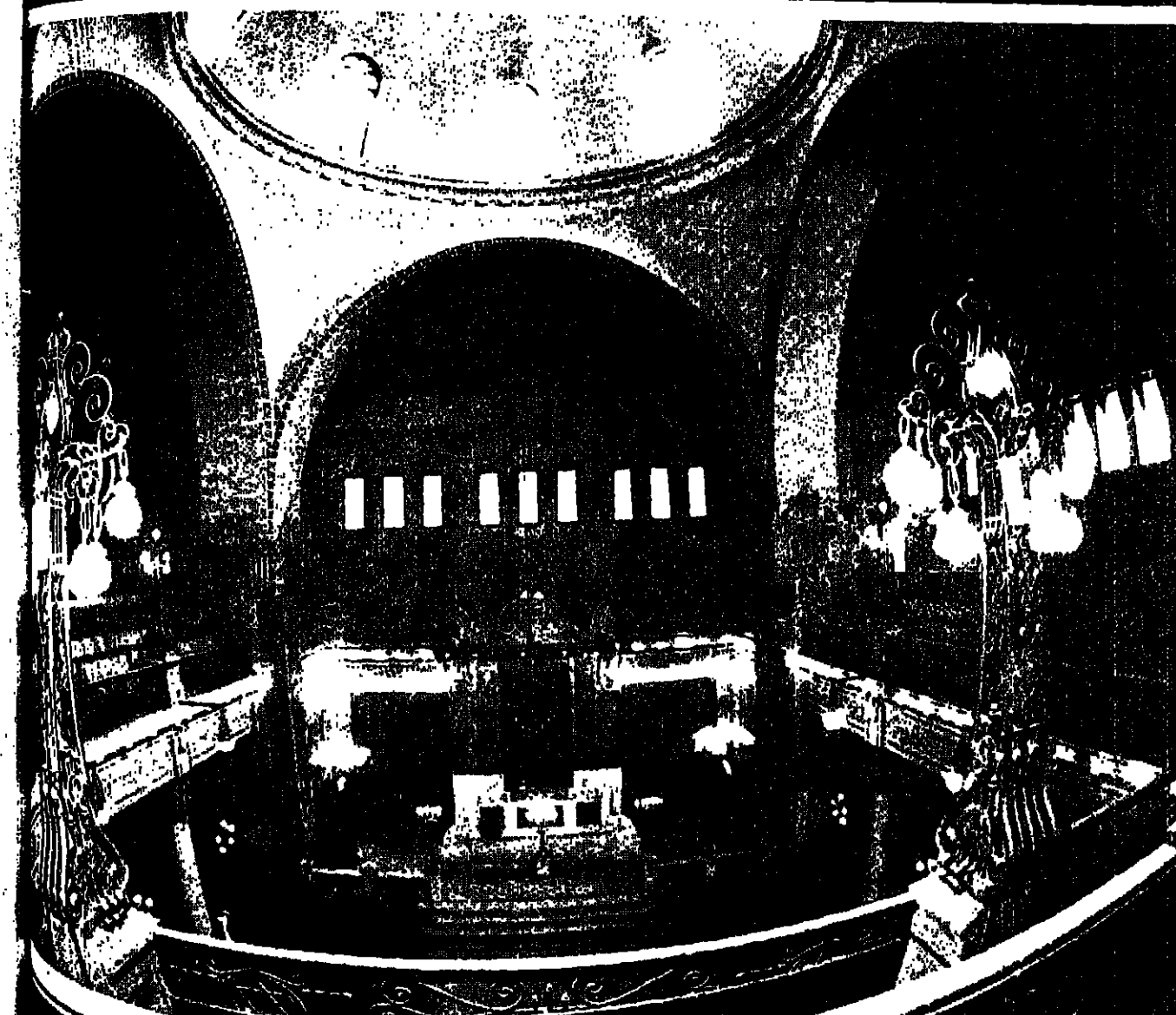
Recommended Parking: The parking lot of the Ramat-Gan Stadium will be available to the public. For the convenience of the public a footway leads from the Stadium directly to the Concert Site.

Public Transport

Dan buses to the area of the concert: - Bus route 47 from the Central Bus Station.
Bus route 48 from the Town Hall (Bnei Gvirol St.)
Special buses from the Reading Car Park and all the following regular bus route nos: 6, 20, 21, 23, 27, 28, 40, 42 and 67.
The public is requested to arrive early and to either make use of the available public transport or to arrive on foot, to the site of the concert.
After the conclusion of the concert, buses will be available on Rokach Blvd. and the area of the Ramat-Gan Stadium, and the public is requested to disperse in an orderly manner and in accordance with police directions.
The public is requested to arrive early in order to ensure ample parking and punctual seating.

Municipality of Tel-Aviv - Jaffa

The Tel-Aviv Foundation



back in Egypt. One woman was recently taken by her son to join him on a kibbutz, says Hirsch. "But she got bored and came back. People on the kibbutz are working and don't have the time to sit and talk. In Egypt everyone has time!"

Despite the relatively high standard of life on kibbutz, the woman chose to return to her one-room apartment in the dying Jewish neighbourhood of Cairo.

OF THE 120 Jews left in Cairo, there are only two complete families. Gigi and David Salem have four children, all of whom identify with Israel. The eldest, Benoit, 22, works at the El Al office in the Zamalek suburb of Cairo. Michael, 21, a university student, works part-time at the Israel Academic Centre.

"There's no future for me here," says Michael. "There's no way to lead a Jewish life."

The Salems keep kosher, which entails stocking the freezer with meat brought to Egypt once every month or two when the Joint Distribution Committee sends a *shochet* from Israel.

(The last of Cairo's ritual slaughterers and rabbis died not long ago.)

Outside the home, the family eats fish and pasta. The three boys had their bar mitzva and the family observes Shabbat. David Salem goes to his textile factory on Saturday, but justifies it by saying: "I work without working."

A menorah and a Lion of Judah are visibly displayed in their living room, but the mezuzah was taken inside after the Six Day War. Each child has a Hebrew name, which Gigi (Simha) hopes they will one day be able to use. Michael's is Menashe, Benoit's is Baruch, while 17-year-old Claude's Hebrew name is Aharon, and 12-year-old Caroline's is Shoshana.

"If anyone asks, I say I'm Jewish," says Gigi. "But why advertise it?"

All their relatives left Egypt some 20 years ago. Gigi says she applied for a visa to leave the country several times, "but a war or something else always stops us. Maybe the time hasn't come for us to leave yet."

AS THE SALEMS are just one of the very few complete Jewish families in all of Egypt, there is a very real possibility that the entire Jewish population could soon die out. This worries Professor Shimon Shamir, director of the Israel Academic Centre in Cairo, who helps visiting Israeli scholars conduct research in Egypt and provides assistance to Egyptian students.

"Despite my belief that Israel is the land for Jews, it's sad to see the oldest Diaspora community in the world completely disappear," says Shamir.

Addressing the first congress of the World Union of Jews from Egypt in Tel Aviv recently, Shamir stressed the role the peace treaty can play in reviving Egypt's Jewish community.

"The only hope for the continuation of Egyptian Jewry is through open, peaceful borders which invite Israeli businessmen, diplomats and their families to work and settle in Egypt — the oldest and closest Diaspora community to Israel," he said.

But until that time, Nachman and the handful of elderly Jews who pray at the Great Synagogue on Cairo's Adli St. each Friday night continue to offer testimony to the past, a golden era that is now dying of old age.

"One of the officers," says Nachman, "told her he was taking revenge for the son he lost in the war, so he took our house."

The third and final surge of emigration coincided with the outbreak of the Six Day War in 1967. All Jews of army age were detained and asked to leave the country. Many Jewish officials were arrested, beaten and tortured. By 1971, only an estimated 400 Jews remained in Egypt.

After the mass exodus most of the Jewish institutions — the synagogue, social welfare organizations, schools and newspapers — closed down. The Jewish community was rapidly deteriorating.

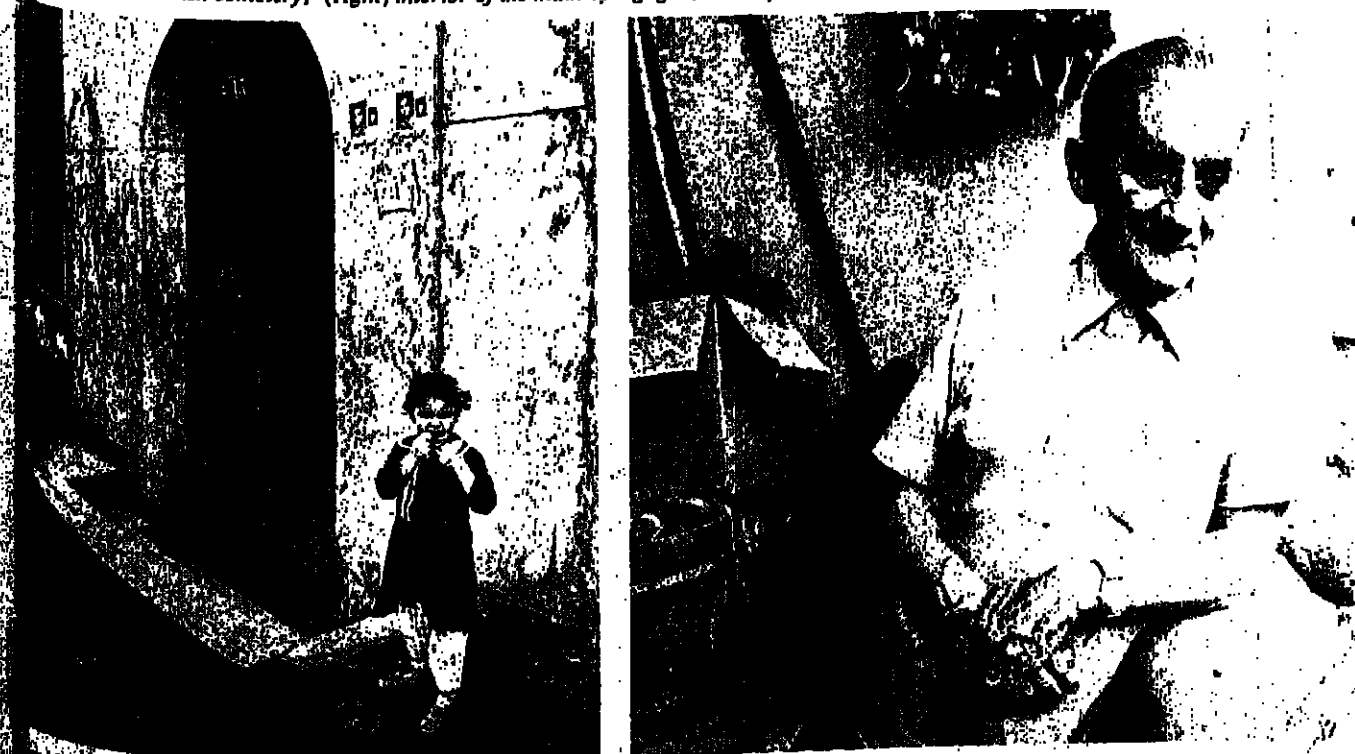
Why did Nachman remain? He pauses, pours some tea, then shrugs. "The weather here is mild and I have a heart problem." He looks down into his teacup and does not elaborate.

The majority of Jews in Cairo today are over 60, widowed and childless. Nachman's teenage wife died during childbirth in 1946 and he never remarried. While his six brothers and sisters emigrated to Italy and Canada to offer their children a "Jewish lifestyle," the closure of the Jewish schools and the virtual cessation of all Jewish cultural activities had less of an effect on the solitary, aging man.

"Also, it's an easy life here. It's comfortable, cheap and easy to stay," says David Hirsch, an American Jew who lives in Cairo and is close to the community. "Inertia sets in. It's as simple as that."

Some try to leave but encounter so many difficulties that it hardly seems worthwhile, says Hirsch.

Cairo's Jewish cemetery; (right) Interior of the main synagogue, recently restored by the World Sephardi Federation.



Other elderly widows follow their children abroad, but some end up

MY FOURTH application in two years to take a nightride with the Paris police patrols could not have come at a worse time. On Tuesday, May 31, four villains killed two policemen in the Avenue Trudaine at point-blank range. The funeral took place early Thursday morning in the presence of a large force of colleagues in and out of uniform.

The service was attended by Joseph Franchoschi, secretary of state for security, and Gaston Defferre, the minister of the interior. This solemn occasion turned into an ugly demonstration of defiance, frightening the government and adding impetus to Francois Mitterrand's declining popularity. The cops, kept in hand after some token skirmishes with their colleagues in the CRS (Compagnies Republiques de Sécurité), by now some 2,000-strong, marched on the Ministry of Justice shouting "Badinter Assassin" and calling for Minister Robert Badinter to resign.

At the site of the murder, Jean-Marie Le Pen, an ultra right-wing rubble-rouser, got into the act, not rendering the angry policemen a service. The next port-of-call was the Ministry of the Interior where the slogan was:

"Defferre l'es laite
La police est dans la rue."
(Free translation: "Defferre, you've had it, Your cops take to the street.") By 5 p.m. it was all over.

At 4 p.m. I have an appointment at the prefecture in that magnificent building on the Ile de la Cité. I have been asked to bring some of my previous articles on the night patrols.

I wait for an hour while a scrutineer checks my escapades in Houston, Harlem, Belfast and Zurich and establishes my bona fides, for relations between the press and la flicaille (the "fuzz") are notoriously bad. In Paris more than elsewhere W.S. Gilbert's immortal lines from *The Pirates of Penzance* apply: When constabulary duty's to be done/The Policeman's lot is not a happy one.

THE PUBLIC image of the police in all its manifold organizations is one aligned to right-wing politics, and as the visible protector of life and property, are identified with the property-owning classes. The police not expecting fair treatment by the media, keep the press at arm's length.

That evening, as a result of the day's events, the *préfet* of the police resigns. I feel honoured to think that one of his last acts in office was to grant me permission to spend two nights as an observer with the force of the 5th arrondissement, and to report to Commissaire Pierre Mure.

The 5th arrondissement lies south of the Seine between the Luxembourg Gardens and the Gare d'Orléans. Its population is mainly bourgeois (*grand et petit*) with a student sprinkling, much commercial activity and a notorious crime spot in the romantic northwest corner across the Seine from the Notre Dame Cathedral.

Commissaire Mure is a young, good-looking administrator with a law degree and an exceptionally clear picture of his duties, the expectations of his clientele, the public and his superiors, as well as the facility to verbalize them. We agree that despite the TV image of crime-chasing, the police is primarily a social service, especially in the multifarious and heterogeneous conditions of metropolitan Paris. He suggests that I spend Friday night with the uniformed mobile force,

PARIS LA NUIT

WIM VAN LEER tours Paris by night in the company of uniformed and plain-clothes French policemen.



and the next night with the plain-clothes footpatrol.

Most police forces alternate day and night-shift stints. They order these matters better in France. You are either a day- or a night-shift cop to the latter accuses a certain machismo, for that is when the criminal is about and active.

I report to Brig. Amiel of the *Police de Secours*, not a bad name for an organization whose main task is that of the people's nanny. On my entry, a heated discussion on the removal of the top brass abruptly ceases. Amiel introduces me to the four-men crew plus two *stagiaires*, one Youssef, an Algerian, the other a black from Martinique.

On a bench sits a *clochard* (tramp), his face fricassé by a broken bottle, bleeding into a pool of blood on the floor. At the dispatch desk there is an argument whether to take the statement of a man hit over the head with a cash and robbed of his wallet by four negroes. He has a severe bruise but little blood. In the end it is decided to take the tramp to hospital before he passes out or over.

SEATED inside the dark-blue van

with its sliding doors we howl off, while Gil questions the bleeding tramp who turns out to be well-spoken and obviously has seen better days.

His name is Eugène Medinger, 45, without fixed abode but with day-time residence in the Odeon metro-station. "Profession?" Eugène shrugs his shoulder, showing the stump of his left arm. He was attacked by some negroes and badly cut up. Nothing was stolen. We deliver him to the Cochin Hospital's emergency ward. He thanks us for our kind assistance.

Despite his dirty clothes, his filthy appearance and matted locks, there is something elitist in his blood-stained smile. Possibly a case of wilful self-destruction. Later the brigadier tells me that the story of the attacking blacks is not meant to be believed. Usually it's a matter of "settling accounts." For the brotherhoods of winos has a code of its own. And severe infringements of this code demand blood.

Medinger will be washed, transfused, disinfected, deloused and his countenance stitched together. He will be kept in bed for 24 hours, given a card directing him once

again to a delinquent's mid society, after which he will trundle back to Metro Odeon where a shared bottle of *placate* (rotgut) is awaiting him as the warm camaraderie of his poney colleagues.

After the murder in the Avenue Trudaine, police now approach suspects with a hand on their pistol. To draw a pistol "unless shot at" is not only illegal but may well be too late. It is one of those legalistic rules which give the villain the edge over the forces of law and order.

So when we observe a small van jumping two red traffic lights, we block it at the third and, hand on holster, surround the van inviting the two occupants to come out *tout doucement*. Frisking, checking the vehicle, inspecting and prodding the upholstery do not yield any incriminating evidence, and Gil starts writing his *procès verbal*.

The radio meanwhile reports a collision between a silver Mercedes 280 and a small Renault, the former, number 614BYC75, fleeing the scene. In that very moment one of the *stagiaires* spots the Mercedes stopped at the traffic light and we all run to surround the car, hand on holster, and invite the occupants to

disembark, papa, mama, junior, well-upholstered daughter and middle-aged French-American is the sort of family God creates *table d'hôte* in restaurants napkins knotted around the neck.

AT FIRST Papa, the driver, does not remember any collision, gradually his memory returns he is arrested. Follow through *protesta* in high places, the French American couple stating that a police behaviour which drove them to America. The son, however, overheated, is offered handkerchiefs after which he calms down somewhat.

Meanwhile the central console is consulted about the history 614BYC75. We now have to go to the police station in the 1st arrondissement where the collision took place. Two armed cops ride in Mercedes, while we take the Americans who run a school *cordon bleu* cuisine near Boston.

An agitated lady stands by a slightly dented Renault and gives her version of the incident in which lachrymose self-pity, outrage and vituperation are mixed in equal proportions, while Gil and I turn the car into a parking lot.

Papa offers to pay for any damage plus a *douceur* (sweetener) for the inconvenience caused. But no charge is leaving the scene of crime. Meantime the cops remember that the car's normal belongs to a motorcycle and one of the property of sonny boy. They could be stolen or imported illegally. We impound the car and Papa and sonny boy will spend the night under lock and key. We scribble into her handkerchief - Americans remember an unpleasant pointment.

THE YOUNG and good-looking Hortense lies unconscious on the pavement. It's a warm evening and the heat has got the better of her. A girlfriend is holding her hand while a pudgy little woman doctor from the crowd pushes lumps of wool into her mouth.

We place Hortense on a stretcher and radio for an ambulance. The girlfriend confides me that Hortense is in a bad way. Her mother died three months ago. She hints at an abortion. (Ah, *hummes!*) Three weeks ago she attempted suicide. She is a beautiful and earns good money, "which is everything, monsier."

The S.A.F. ambulance arrives with a lady doctor in white. Transfer Hortense to the ambulance where she comes round and is examined. The doctor instructs me to take her to the *Point St. Antoine* hospital. Mr. C. to stay away from the left-bank for 24 hours, while he returns to pacify Christine.

DAWN is breaking as we slowly cruise the territory keeping our eyes skinned. The stallholders in the little market are organizing their produce in the most seductive of ways, watering the fish and lettuce and mounds of fresh fruit. The garbage disposal teams are now out in force clattering the detritus of modern living into the crunching jaws of their vehicles. Along the pavements charlatades waddle their way to offices. A priest, preceded by a small acolyte, hurries on his way to deliver the Last Rites. Women with large wicker cradles carry the *pain de ménage*, swarthy guestworkers pedal their pushbikes to the building sites, newspaper delivery vans break every traffic rule.

At a traffic light we catch a motorcyclist, his mandatory helmet dangling from the handlebars. The

brigadier leans his head out of the window: "Monsieur, you are in contravention. Please put your helmet on your head. It is for your own safety. Alas, I am too tired to explain to you why." We slowly make our way back to H.Q. where the dayshift is clocking in.

THIS BALMY Saturday night I am the guest of the *Brigade Anti-Criminalité de Nuit* (the anti-crime night squad). We are a footpatrol of four under Inspector Allio. He tests my hieps. "He can take care of himself," he laughingly informs his burly colleagues.

We operate in the 5th arrondissement's "crime corner," east of the Place St. Michel and crossed by such romantic locations as the Street of the Fishing Cat and the Rue de la Huchette, both lovingly recorded in literature, the former by Follies, the latter by Eliot Paul. At its centre lies the gargoyles-encrusted St. Severin Church and, opposite the churchyard of St. Julien-le-Pauvre, "The tea-caddy" - a trying place of my wistful years. We mix unobtrusively with the huge crowds filling the narrow streets and alleyways, the tourists ogling the bizarre natives, who, in turn, ogle the bizarre tourists.

Allio is a compact toughie, amateur sprinter and marathon runner (20 km in 1 hr 13 mins) at age 51 and has been on the same beat for 24 years. Since our job lies in the narcotics and pickpocket field, one would think that a familiar face is hardly called for. But as the villains know him well, so he knows the villains.

Apart from "being around" for aid and comfort, our job consists of frisking and interrogating the *pushpates* and the *dealers* for *chnouff* (snuff), cocaine and *sheet* (shit, hashish), from which can be seen that *Franglais* is the *lingua franca* of the drug-trade.

Two rival gangs are dominating the area, - the Tunisians from Sfax and the Algerians. Each group and product has its own traditional corner where trespass is paid for in life and limb.

We tackle the Algerian heroin-dealers, frisk them against the wall, empty their pockets, inspect cracks in the wall, cigarette cartons and empty Coke cans lying about for possible merchandise and examine their papers. Heroin and coke are sold in half-gram tissue sachets, easily concealed. When caught, the owner always claims it to be for his own use, which is legal.

To make an arrest the police must catch the dealer or pusher in the act of exchanging the stuff for money. A small handicap. Standard dodges are throwing the stuff on the pavement. For that reason we grab the hand holding the goods. The squad works in pairs to assure a witness. During the night we accost, frisk, intimidate over 40 suspected traffickers, making three arrests of which only one has a chance of sticking.

The Algerians are vigilant until Robert, one of our boys, imposing business, finds an Arab wrapped in newspaper belated an adjacent trashcan. All vociferously disclaim ownership. Street-wise Inspector Allio throws the bar into the trashcan and turns to their spokesman. "Trying to settle accounts, eh?" he asks. The Algerian shrugs and nods. "Yes, something like that."

We move on, convinced that the Arab is in its old place the motorcade. "You don't mind?" I ask Allio. "Let them kill each other," he says. "None of our business."

sights. Paris being the *ville d'amour*. Per decided on his last night to sample the local pulchritude, saying he'd be back in the morning. Christine protested but, with the aid of moderate molestation, was soon silenced.

Next a vengeful Christine took herself to a sidewalk café in the Boulevard St. Michel where her golden tresses caught the eye of Mr. Cismaneh, a ranking civil servant from the Sudan. Glances exchanged, introductions made, Christine joined Cismaneh and consumed three beers in a two-hour period. The hour now being late Christine returned to the hotel, the Sudanese gallantly accompanying her. He insisted on seeing her safely to her bedroom door. This the Arab nightporter would not permit, which earned him a bloody nose, while Christine escaped to her room and locked the door. The police was called.

We station ourselves between the protagonists while the brigadier goes upstairs to interrogate Christine. Presently he calls down, "You, the journalist from Israel, you speak English?"

My interpretative services give me a front-row view. Not only of the tearstained Christine, bovine in her transparent baby-doll nightdress, but of the problem of misinterpretation of social signals.

She confirms having drunk beer with Mr. C. and permitting him to accompany her to the hotel, but never discussed or intended further intimacies. We now notice bruises on her arms and shoulders, the handiwork of boyfriend Per. She states that she is afraid to remain alone and suggests that the brigadier spend the rest of the night with her.

It falls to me to explain that, whereas the French police to a man is at all hours at the service of the citizenry, the brigadier insists that her suggestion falls outside constabulary duties. Also an unscheduled return of the formidable Per must be taken into account.

Next, Mr. C. in stilted Berlitz English, explains that he invested three lager beers in Christine with whom he had "a jolly time" and had been permitted to accompany her to the hotel. In the Sudan this is considered the green light. Apparently in Sweden it is not.

"Was money discussed?" I am instructed to ask. This he denies, but states that he is able and willing to pay in sterling traveller's cheques. Follows a renewed *chnouff* match in Arabic with the partner, after which the brigadier asks: "Is it enough. He instructs me to take us to the *Point St. Antoine* hospital. Mr. C. to stay away from the left-bank for 24 hours, while he returns to pacify Christine.

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brigadier leans his head out of the window: "Monsieur, you are in contravention. Please put your helmet on your head. It is for your own safety. Alas, I am too tired to explain to you why." We slowly make our way back to H.Q. where the dayshift is clocking in.

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We operate in the 5th arrondissement's "crime corner," east of the Place St. Michel and crossed by such romantic locations as the Street of the Fishing Cat and the Rue de la Huchette, both lovingly recorded in literature, the former by Follies, the latter by Eliot Paul. At its centre lies the gargoyles-encrusted St. Severin Church and, opposite the churchyard of St. Julien-le-Pauvre, "The tea-caddy" - a trying place of my wistful years. We mix unobtrusively with the huge crowds filling the narrow streets and alleyways, the tourists ogling the bizarre natives, who, in turn, ogle the bizarre tourists.

Allio is a compact toughie, amateur sprinter and marathon runner (20 km in 1 hr 13 mins) at age 51 and has been on the same beat for 24 years. Since our job lies in the narcotics and pickpocket field, one would think that a familiar face is hardly called for. But as the villains know him well, so he knows the villains.

Apart from "being around" for aid and comfort, our job consists of frisking and interrogating the *pushpates* and the *dealers* for *chnouff* (snuff), cocaine and *sheet* (shit, hashish), from which can be seen that *Franglais* is the *lingua franca* of the drug-trade.

Two rival gangs are dominating the area, - the Tunisians from Sfax and the Algerians. Each group and product has its own traditional corner where trespass is paid for in life and limb.

We tackle the Algerian heroin-dealers, frisk them against the wall, empty their pockets, inspect cracks in the wall, cigarette cartons and empty Coke cans lying about for possible merchandise and examine their papers. Heroin and coke are sold in half-gram tissue sachets, easily concealed. When caught, the owner always claims it to be for his own use, which is legal.

To make an arrest the police must catch the dealer or pusher in the act of exchanging the stuff for money. A small handicap. Standard dodges are throwing the stuff on the pavement. For that reason we grab the hand holding the goods. The squad works in pairs to assure a witness. During the night we accost, frisk, intimidate over 40 suspected traffickers, making three arrests of which only one has a chance of sticking.

The Algerians are vigilant until Robert, one of our boys, imposing business, finds an Arab wrapped in newspaper belated an adjacent trashcan. All vociferously disclaim ownership. Street-wise Inspector Allio throws the bar into the trashcan and turns to their spokesman. "Trying to settle accounts, eh?" he asks. The Algerian shrugs and nods. "Yes, something like that."

We move on, convinced that the Arab is in its old place the motorcade. "You don't mind?" I ask Allio. "Let them kill each other," he says. "None of our business."

And I reflect that the words *hashish* and *assassin* are etymologically connected.

IN THE DARKENED park behind the Greek-Catholic Church of St. Julien-le-Pauvre, we stealthily converge on a parkbench on which a black, a white man and an Arab are in heavy discussion. As we pounce to the command of "Hand over the sheet" and no tricks," the white-robed black rises to his full six foot two. He addresses us as if it were the parliament of his native Senegal. "Messieurs, I am a law-abiding citizen. I work in a restaurant every

While trailing two known pickpockets I get a short lecture on their *modus operandi*. Despite the warm weather one has a coat slung over his shoulder, the other a newspaper under his arm, the tools of their trade. Follows a demonstration. Two of our squad walk ahead of me with two behind. The two in front suddenly halt, making me stand still while those behind collide with me. They profusely apologize. When I sort myself out, my notebook and tobacco pouch are gone and now in the hands of the Inspector, passed on by the man in the rear. Coats and newspapers act as cover for the *fric-fac*. Favourite stalking points for pickpockets are the back-rows of café terraces where handbags dangling from chairs in front are inviting crime.

FOR REASONS I can't understand the squad carries no communication equipment, but the inhabitants of the *quartier* know them by sight. An out-of-breath waiter bids us to a restaurant where a bunch of Arabs and Spaniards are having a punch-up, presumably about a drug transaction. On our arrival the Arabs flee. The proprietor invites us all in for a glass of champagne. He assures me that the patrol is a great comfort to the *communautes* in this criminal section.

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The young man inside the van has spotted his father's *Mini-Metro*, stolen two months ago. It is parked outside the *Who-Discothèque* two blocks away. They can't handle it since their uniforms would shy-off the thieves, and we have to do the stake-out. So I loiter near the car, the inspector watches from across the road. Robert is stationed 20 metres up front. Dodo blocks any possible retreat, while Charlie fetches a *divvie's* car in case of pursuit. The time now is 2:30 a.m. By 5 a.m. no-one has claimed it: vehicle. I join the inspector for a *skho* down the disco-cellar where we are nearly overcome by hashish fumes and where quite a few dancers, male and female are toposes.

Since the shop closed at 4 a.m., the best we can do is to watch the stolen *divvie*. We stop at a large steel ti-chlor which carries on. Considering that it took the village enforcement office, I don't think the night's work is cost-effective, especially since the inspector deems it an average night. Still, I reckon it makes me feel better; the police for being out there on the streets, the public sensing itself protected and the petty criminals secure in the knowledge that they can ply their trade without too much interference.

THE NEWSPAPERS are full of "the cops' revolt" and, with a witch-hunt under way, heads are rolling. I have canvassed the opinions and attitudes of the nightpatrols and listened to the arguments around the reception desk and canteen. For once the demo had nothing to do with wages or working conditions, or with the fact that France now has a government of the left. The police is there to protect the public, and to carry out this task in the face of a rising crime-rate, must in turn feel protected by the public in the shape of the authorities in charge of law and order.

On gaining power, Mitterrand, in a misplaced display of Socialist "humanism" without consulting those directly responsible for law and order, let a great number of

criminals out of jail.

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That such politically motivated media distortions could find acceptance is the result of the widening gulf between the public and the forces of law and order, due to shockingly bad public relations. That journalists on the whole are left-inclined even if their employers are not, is not news. For that reason *la flicaille* is depicted as generally right-wing. But let us look at the facts.

Seventy per cent of the police are members of one of a great variety of professional unions. In the uniformed branch the leftist F.A.S.P. has 55 per cent and the middle-of-the-road CGT, CFDT and the *Force Ouvrière* 10 per cent. The mildly rightist U.S.C.P. commands 30 per cent. The extreme rightist F.P.P. commands 2.83 per cent on a national basis, but in the metropolitan force 6 per cent.

In the plain-clothes division things are not much different: 65 per cent belong to the leftist S.N.A.P.C., the rest is middle-of-the-road with an insignificant right-wing flank. The S.C.H.F.P. is the union of 86 per cent of the *commissaires* and top brass and is staunchly middle-of-the-road. All in all, the police is a fair reflection of the political spectrum of France.

Commissaire Mure agrees with the abolition of the death penalty but feels that it should have been replaced by other, possibly more humane but equally deterrent, measures. He states that recidivism in France is around 70 per cent, which means that a criminal class is no manner of speaking. With a rising crime-rate (burglaries were up 104 per cent between 1972 and 1981; all crimes have risen 72 per cent), the work-load has increased. The equipment is far from up to date, especially their handguns and radio sets as well as their rolling stock. Communication leaves much to be desired.

I broach the matter of overstaffing. Five cops per patrol-car, four plain-clothes men per footpatrol. Why this show of force? In Houston for instance there is one policeman (or woman) per patrol-car. There sheriff Jack Heard believes that it is the presence, not the visible force, of the law which suppresses crime. Moreover, 90 per cent of policeman is of social nature, old ladies stuck in elevators, family quarrels, that sort of thing.

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day from 1 to 11, after which I am in too much of a mood to meet with my friends here to discuss the events of the day. I have a small quantity of *kiff* for my own personal use. My friends prefer the good wines of France. Obviously having had a good time, president has left its mark.

In the face of such decorum we slip the frisking routine. We wish them goodnight and pass on while Allio remains as the superior behaviour of the *fric-fac* over that of the Arab.

"Some me to liberate and have just come do it to the tree. But they are not the tree, the structure of their tribes, while the Arab is a formless mass of vicious stupidity."

The second team has stalked a suspect on the pounce the *divvie* throws down the finger of the *divvie* and takes to his heels, with the *divvie* and me in hot pursuit. After 10 metres I have to give up. Half an hour later the inspector is with the manacled culprit after a *divvie* and me. "Yes, something like that."

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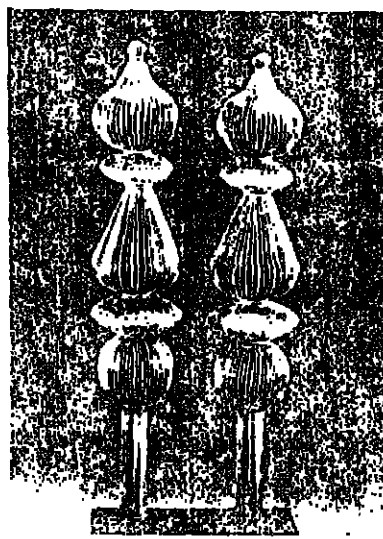
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Finials from San'a

A PAIR of handsome Tora finials from Yemen is the current Special Exhibit at the Israel Museum. The *Rimmonim* are beautifully crafted in gilt, silver and *reponse*, and decorated in filigree and pierced patterns with a background of colourful cloth. An inscription in pierced work indicates the name of the donor, Hayim ben Shalom Kesar. This rare pair of finials from San'a is a particularly fine example of the art of the Yemenite Jewish silversmiths. San'a was an important centre of Jewish culture with a long tradition of silversmithwork. According to information given by members of the family, Hayim ben Shalom Kesar, who commissioned the *Rimmonim*, was a wealthy Jew and the owner of the San'a "Kesar Synagogue." As told by him, the finials were produced by Yihye Al'abid, who was also the silversmith of the Yemenite court. The costly pair of finials were then used in the Synagogue only on special holidays; during the rest of the year they were kept in Hayim Kesar's home. Hayim Kesar, whose property was damaged during the war between the Imam and the Turks, died in Jerusalem in 1922. The finials were acquired through a gift of Moshe and Charlotte Green, Jerusalem — New York, in honour of their mothers, Bertha K. Green and Helene Anfel.

Bezalel: still alive

Meir Ronnen

THE ANNUAL exhibition of the Bezalel Academy of Arts and Design is conveniently located at virtually one site this year. Though the academy's various faculties are scattered around Jerusalem from Romema to Musrara, each department has been allotted exhibition space in the original historical premises at Rehov Shmuel Hamizig; while the large paintings from the fine arts department are on show in the neighbouring Jerusalem Artists' House, itself part of the original Bezalel complex.

The effort as a whole projects several positive qualities. All the shows are characterized by a highly professional approach and admirable finish. Secondly, the character of each display varies from year to year; there is no feeling of academism or stultifying repetition.

THE honours are taken, as in previous years, by the school of industrial, product and architectural design; and by the department of graphic design. The former makes a point, as a matter of policy, of specialising in inventions or modifications that improve the quality of life, or which aid the invalid. The problems solved range from a cleverly convertible beach hat to huyots of aircraft interiors, from load-distributing postmen's satchels to children's furniture and fruit-market stalls. Among the eyecatchers are instant hot water dispensers; collapsible but stable baby baths; and a double-barreled underwater spear-gun. The various aircraft lounge chairs are like all the products, fully finished. There is also an impressive range of devices with which invalids confined to wheel chairs can retrieve or handle distant objects.

An evaluation of the graduating students' full-scale architectural projects would take more than a passing study. These projects, based

on projects for actual sites, range from a new market centre for Nazareth (by an Arab student with a talent for renderings), to pensioners' clubs and a Kupat Holim Clinic. A pier and swimming-pool complex designed for Bat Galim has an oddly 19th century look to it. An unusual approach to an unusual subject can be seen in the design for a terraced cemetery.

THE graphic design show is replete with illustrations, posters, magazine layouts, packaging etc., to such an extent that one gets dizzy from the feeling that there is so much to look at. This second department has always been notable for generating quantity as well as quality. It is also the only department where one can see good, traditional, but in no way academic life-class drawing. In many ways it is the pace and tastemaker of the school. Its level of taste, coupled with a sense of what can be sold, is currently superior to that of the departments of ceramics and jewelry.

The graphics art department is also a natural vehicle for humour and satire and it again displays many works with a sense of humour. Of note are the posters advertising a show entitled "The Nude in the Landscape" with a tree metamorphosed into pubic hair; and some tellingly very photomontage posters entitled "Ecology 1984".

THE neighbouring jewelry display is a disappointment. It has for years pursued an arty and anti-precious materials approach that has now culminated in a series of cheap wire creations that serve as a virtual crown of thorns. One can only reiterate that jewelry is meant to both adorn and enhance its wearer.

Ritual and other objects in metals produced by the same department are far better both in concept and

fancy constructions, rendered in-unsympathetic materials. For the Seder table. This, and a number of lack-lustre *hanukkiot*, point up the difficulties of competing successfully with tradition and traditional designs. There is one quite original *hanukkiat* based on a flat grid that is of real interest, but there is nothing else in this department's display that would prod me to purchase it. Given the choice, I would offer the object of my affections a more traditional piece of jewelry; and would adorn my home with a more traditional piece of Judaica. A complete break with the past can only be justified if brought off by a most brilliant stroke.

THE ceramics offerings, though neatly displayed in an improvised garden marquee, are another disappointment, save one student's display of traditional wheel-thrown and glazed serving dishes all beautifully made and elegantly designed. Most of the rest is artsy and unconvincing pseudo-sculpture. A little more convincing are a series of coloured ceramic helmet masks based on classical traditions. There is also a ceramic dinner service in the school's entrance vitrine, but it is, I am sorry to say, entirely in the tradition of early Bezael kitsch, not to mention its wildly impractical and eminently breakable design.

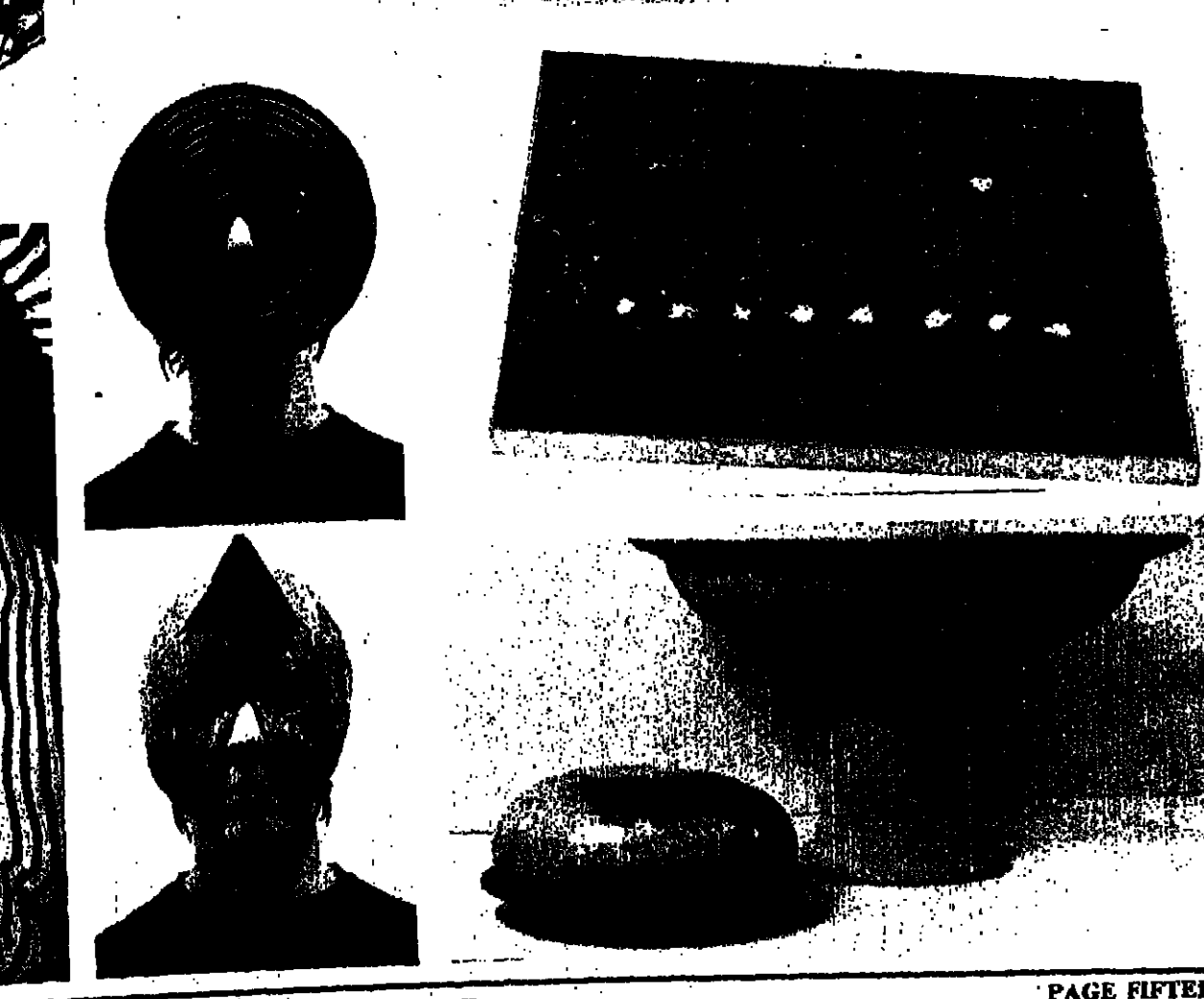
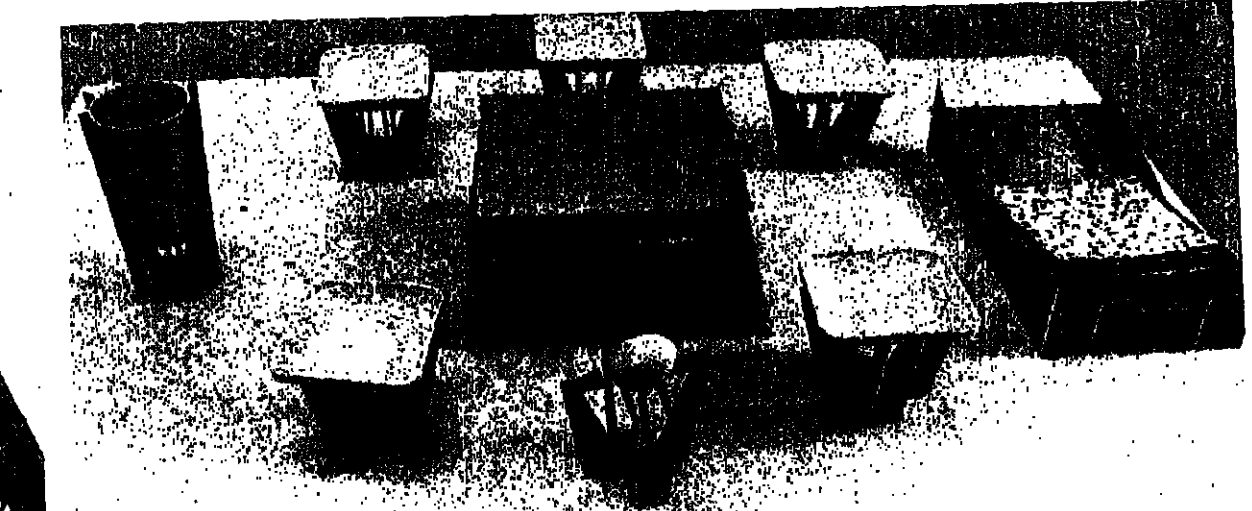
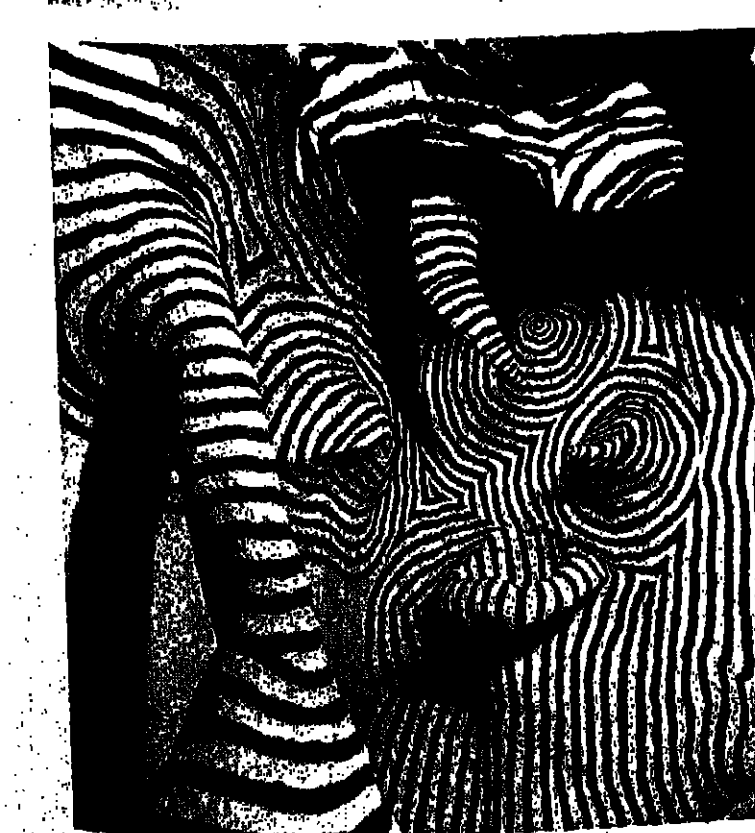
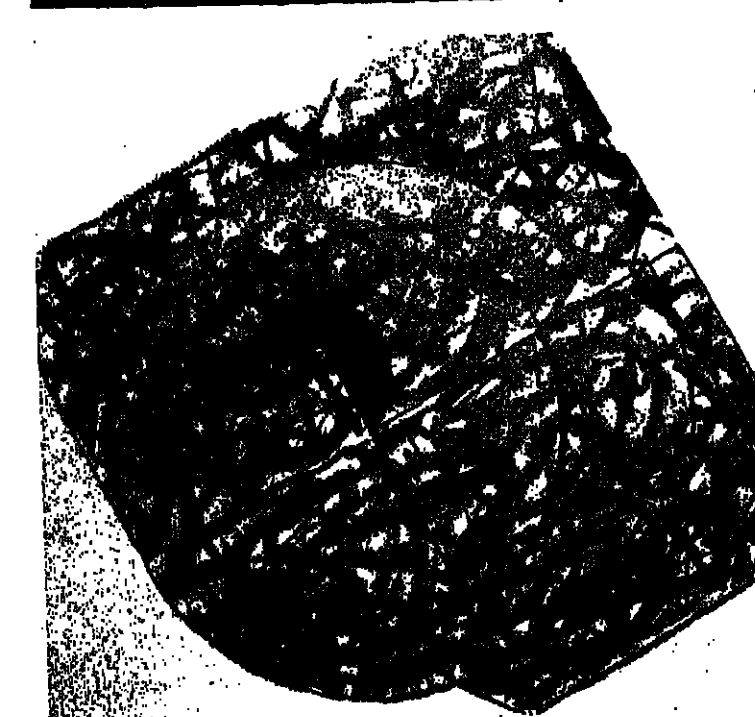
THE photography department's display of work by its third-year students is crammed into its own cramped quarters, with some of the space being taken up by exercises in other mediums that don't really relate to the rest of the show and are not interesting achievements in themselves. On the one hand there are rows of peep-hole boxes filled with angled mirrors or objects transformed by the angle of vision. Much less successful are the life-class paintings, all devoid of exercises in composition and thus quite without point. Happily, the photo display itself is interesting, varied

and generally technically excellent. It ranges from dramatised surrealism to Diane Arbus-like snapshots of the nether classes. Photographs of odd snatches of suburban desolation reveal a splendid eye for both the unusual and the nature of composition. All these young photographers show an immense *awareness* of both the nature of their subject matter and the technical means required to express it.

LAST but by no means least: the department of fine arts, which for years lagged far behind the rest of the academy. This is no longer the case. While there are no nascent superstars, a majority of the works, mostly abstract-expressionist, neo-expressionist or "new" paintings, are professionally conceived and handled; and would have quite held their own at last year's (admittedly lack-lustre) Venice Biennale. Common to many of the paintings is a long-awaited understanding of colour harmony. Exhibiting are third and final year students (a few second year students as well). All are inevitably prisoners of the recent past. Influences range from Bennis Iffrat to the Bauhaus, but the most painterly and attractive are the semi-tachiste abstractions. There is only an occasional nod to figurative elements and not a single piece of realism. There isn't much sculpture either. One effective floor piece in yellow iron, pitched against a two-dimensional version on paper, is redolent of both Serra and Tony Smith. There is also a model of a painted environment that one can enter and hide in, painted in stripes that follow the undulating forms.

At I. in all, the results are impressive. The Bezalel Academy (which has toughened its entrance requirements) is a place where you can get a thorough grounding in a number of different disciplines while simultaneously being taught to see, perceive and think. Some interesting changes may result from inter-department interchanges that will inevitably take place when all faculties are reunited on Mount Scopus. In the meantime the academy may not be hopping, but is very much alive. (Till July 26).

See photographs, next page.



Shattered drawings

Gil Goldfine

YOSSI HIRSCH'S single and double portraits on paper border the thin line between illustration and the fine art of figurative drawing. Situated in the suburban outdoors, a vague green garden and billows of blue skies, Hirsch's men and women are rendered in relative, near cartoon fashion, yet are believable characters. Their posture and dress place them within the smart set, smart-wise and savvy, managing with life and at ease with themselves. To parallel this amiable atmosphere Hirsch uses a soft, past-like technique, coloured and pencil, overlaid by plain graphite that highlights focus and gives substance to draped clothing and folds.

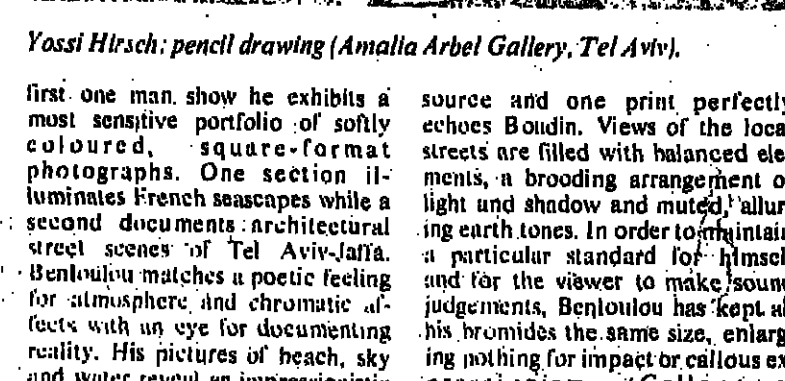
The puzzling aspect of Hirsch's postcard is his decision to "shatter" the finer surface: people, objects and atmosphere, with shushing negative lines. One gets the feeling that unperceived flying matter, radiating a sweet or glassy hue,

entered the picture plane and is carving up the surface with rays of hidden light. Although these angular rubbings serve a compositional purpose, their pictorial or subjective implications are questionable. ..

Undoubtedly enlarged from photographic snapshots, Hirsch's interpretations are valid nevertheless, and go beyond the mere copying of documentary material. At Mafra Arbel Gallery, 10 Herzl off corner Ben Yehuda, Tel Aviv, till July 20.

"THE BEAUTIFUL LAND" is a compilation of motor-walking tours for the family through archaeological and historical sites, written and illustrated by artist Didi Feingersh. Having taken thousands himself, Feingersh did on-site renderings of tells, destroyed buildings and flora, of which he has made an album of sepia clippings, or how to combine it with the publication of the book. (Pithco Gallery, 20 Gordon, Tel Aviv).

FRANK H. born Didier Benlouaf, immigrated to Israel last year, in his



OF ALL the books written about Raoul Wallenberg, this is one of the most succinct and straightforward. It both illuminates and moves. It is easy to write about Wallenberg, the mysterious hero who saved so many Jews from the Nazis. It is much more difficult to grasp his personality, which eludes any scientific attempt to decipher it. Elenore Lester's love for her subject is held in check by her meticulousness and her rejection of fanciful conjecture. She allows the facts to speak for themselves.

Here is the most thorough-going life of Wallenberg, and it casts a clear light on the forces which moulded him, and made him the saviour of part of Hungarian Jewry under the Nazis. Perhaps it fails in just one aspect, for Elenore Lester refuses to speculate about a subject on which her knowledge may be insufficient: the methods used by Soviet interrogators to break down and punish their victims.

WALLENBERG'S MATERNAL great-grandfather, Michael Benedics, was one of the first Jews to settle in Sweden at the end of the 18th century. Wallenberg's fractional Jewishness would not have escaped his Soviet interrogators. Benedics became a wealthy man. He joined the Lutheran church, and his granddaughter Sophie, Raoul Wallenberg's grandmother, married Sweden's first neurosurgeon, Dr. Peter Wisig. It was their daughter Maj, who married Raoul's father, Raoul Wallenberg senior, who was a member of one of the most distinguished Swedish families, and a scion of a long line of bankers, diplomats and industrialists. The cream of Swedish society attended their wedding.

Three months later Maj was pregnant, and her husband developed the cancer from which he was to die, three months before the birth of his son on August 4, 1912. A caul, symbolic of an important destiny, was found on his head at birth.

WALLENBERG WAS brought up by his mother, and received the devoted attention of his grandparents. He was a gifted scholar, and his prospects were extremely brilliant. However, he seemed both restless and preoccupied. Lester describes in detail his adolescence, his studies and his adventures in the U.S. It must have been a formative event for him when, during his six months of management studies in 1936 at the Holland Bank in Haifa, he met Jewish refugees from Hitler for the first time.

A year later, on a visit to New York, he met the Swedish actress Viveca Lindfors on a night she later recalled:

"I was only sixteen and I met him at a family party. We danced together and then he invited me up to his grandfather's office — I thought to make love to me. But he spoke in an intense voice, very low, almost a whisper, of the terrible things that were being done to the Jews of Germany. I just didn't understand what he was talking about. I thought he was trying to win my sympathy or something. I was just a dumb girl at the time and I had a cold, Swedish soul. I wasn't ready to appreciate a man like that."

At that period many members of the Swedish upper class were sympathetic to the Nazis. This may have been the reason why he remained an outsider who refused to take advantage of his formidable family connections.

He was a gifted artist and had graduated in architecture but he joined a trading company whose

Doomed saviour



WALLENBERG, The Man in the Iron Web by Elenore Lester. New Jersey, Prentice Hall. 148 pp. \$12.95

Alexander Zvielli

president was a Hungarian Jew, Koloman Lauer. Lauer headed Meropa AB, the largest food-trading enterprise in Central Europe. He had immigrated to Sweden before war broke out. However, in the autumn of 1941, with the Nazis in control of most of Europe, he could no longer travel freely. Wallenberg was a godsend for him, with his international background, and his facility in French, German and English. They became friends. It was Wallenberg's Jewish connection which influenced the Swedish Foreign Ministry, acting on a request from Jewish organizations, the World Jewish Congress, the U.S. State Department, and the American War Refugee Board, to appoint him to the post of the first secretary of the Swedish legation in Budapest.

By the time of Wallenberg's appointment, the Swedish government was well aware of the existence of the gas chambers. However, the first reports to reach the Swedish Ministry of Foreign Affairs on the destruction of European Jewry were suppressed by the then head of the political department of the Ministry, Staffan Soderblom (the same man who later blocked the investigation into Wallenberg's disappearance, and who, in a conversation with Stalin, told him that he thought Wallenberg "had been killed in an accident or by bandits").

IN BUDAPEST Wallenberg began his rescue activities, of which Lester offers us a detailed account. He

was dressed in SS and Arrow Cross uniforms. Eichmann, in response, threatened Wallenberg, and referred to him as "Judenhund Wallenberg."

HE SAVED JEWS and planned the rebuilding of Budapest and the rehabilitation of Hungary. Lester makes it obvious that both these activities contributed to his undoing. The Russians had their own plans for the rebuilding of post-war Eastern and Central Europe. During the war they had had good reason to suspect that the Swedish legation in Budapest was yet another anti-Soviet espionage centre. They were naturally suspicious of all Westerners.

At the time of the liberation of Budapest, Wallenberg made his first contacts with the Soviet army. He was last seen on January 17, 1945, when a Soviet officer requested him to report to the Russian army headquarters at Debrecen. The fact that he carried with him a considerable amount of gold and jewelry belonging to Hungarian Jews, and given to the Swedish legation for safekeeping, increased Soviet suspicions. They assumed that he would use these valuables for anti-Soviet activities. The passports which he had freely issued under the Nazi occupation to save Jews were still being produced by them in the streets of Budapest, and further perplexed the suspicious Soviet authorities. They decided he was a man to be removed at all costs. He was taken to Moscow's notorious Lubianka prison.

LESTER MAKES it clear that Wallenberg was a doomed man even before he began explaining himself to his interrogators. Anything he would have said, in the mistaken belief that it was all a huge misunderstanding, could only have compromised him further. The Soviet interrogating team at Lubianka must have enjoyed listening to Wallenberg. Here was a unique prisoner who, on the one hand, denied their charges of espionage, but on the other admitted freely that he had been appointed first secretary of the Swedish legation in Budapest, although he was not a professional diplomat and his appointment had been at the suggestion of several institutions suspect in Soviet eyes. Here was an architect who, during World War II, had sold Hungarian *paté* to the Swedes and provided information were conveniently dead, also!

Wallenberg was 35 years old in 1947, and he had been a healthy man without any indication of a heart condition. So this strange report seems to Lester improbable. Moreover, Lester records numerous fascinating testimonies of persons who might have seen, met, or have been in contact with, Wallenberg on various occasions after this date.

THE **WALLENBERG** mystery could be solved easily if the Soviet authorities released his file. All such files are carefully kept and preserved. In the absence of such a file, a knowledgeable writer could easily produce an imaginary though convincing report on his interrogations, and subsequent NKVD recommendations concerning his future. But this is to enter a world of speculation. Lester has successfully avoided. There can be little doubt that her book makes a considerable contribution to the study of Wallenberg's life. It is necessary reading for anyone interested in a man remarkable for his courage and his gentleness.

IN ADDITION, AT the end of World War II, Sweden feared Soviet expansionism. The government's policy was to avoid any criticism of Russia. Swedish diplomats who returned from Soviet-occupied territory were told to decline press interviews. The Swedes downplayed the importance of Wallenberg's disappearance. The Swedish king was reported to have said, "We will certainly not go to war for Wallenberg."

In addition, the Soviet ambassador to Sweden, Mme. Kollontay, who had promised Wallenberg's family to intervene on his behalf, was recalled to Moscow. There was only one person who could secure Wallenberg's release: Josef Stalin.

The U.S. Ambassador to Moscow, Averell Harriman, offered his assistance in exerting American pressure on Moscow, but Soderblom, by now the Swedish ambassador to Russia, declined the offer. He did, however, request a meeting with Stalin in June, 1946. Ambassadors were not usually admitted into Stalin's presence, and so the meeting was a special one. Wallenberg's freedom depended on it.

It was only at the conclusion of the meeting that Soderblom dared mention Wallenberg but in the following breath remarked that he was afraid he was dead.

Stalin, who must certainly have had in his desk-drawer a thick Wallenberg file updated for the interview, pretended to have heard his name for the first time, and simply observed how difficult it was to pronounce it. He noted it down, and promised to look into the matter. Lester agrees with most other observers that the meeting, instead of helping Wallenberg, caused him incalculable harm.

ONLY nine years later, in February, 1957, did Andrei Gromyko report back to the Swedish government, which had been prodded constantly by Wallenberg's family and friends. The Lubianka prison archives, it admitted, contained a "handwritten" report dated July 17, 1947 stating that Wallenberg was no longer alive. Lubianka's chief medical officer, conveniently dead, had noted: "I report that the prisoner Wallenberg (*one*) who is known to you died suddenly in his cell last night, probably following a myocardial infarction (heart attack)." Any other prison guards who could have provided information were conveniently dead, also!

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IN **Take a Cold Tub, Sir!** The Story of the Boy's Own Paper (Lutterworth £8.95) its last editor, Jack Cox, gives an account of the magazine's development from its inception in 1879 to the appearance of the last issue in 1967.

First published by the Religious Tract Society to combat Victorian penny dreadfuls and blood-and-thunders, the *B.O.P.* won the loyalty of generations of schoolboys, their parents and their teachers. Among the first contributors were Talbot Baines Reed (*The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's*), R.M. Ballantyne, Jules Verne and G.A. Henty. Later, Percy F. Westerman, W.E. Johns (*Biggles*), Elleston Trevor, C.S. Forester and Hammond Innes joined a list which included, oddly enough, the chronicler of Manchester Jewry, Louis Golding. All too often, however, the fiction was of the calibre of May Wynne's swashbucklers ("How now, Heinrich? Hath misfortune chanced yonder?").

Fortunately, May Wynne's tin ear was balanced by such scoops as Captain Webb's account of how he became the first man to swim the Channel and the *B.O.P.* was also particularly strong on hobbies and technical subjects, offering reliable advice on the treatment of asthmatic canaries or on "building a prop-driven racing car." This was summed up in the motto, *Quicquid agunt nostri farrago libelli*, that adorned every issue and though sounding rather unpleasant means in fact "whatever boys do makes up the mixture of our little book."

As a mirror of its times, it was unbeatable, though that may hardly be the word considering the schoolboy relish for "swishing humour" that was so often a feature of its columns, as is evidenced in this 1887 ballad celebrating in all innocence "the English vice":

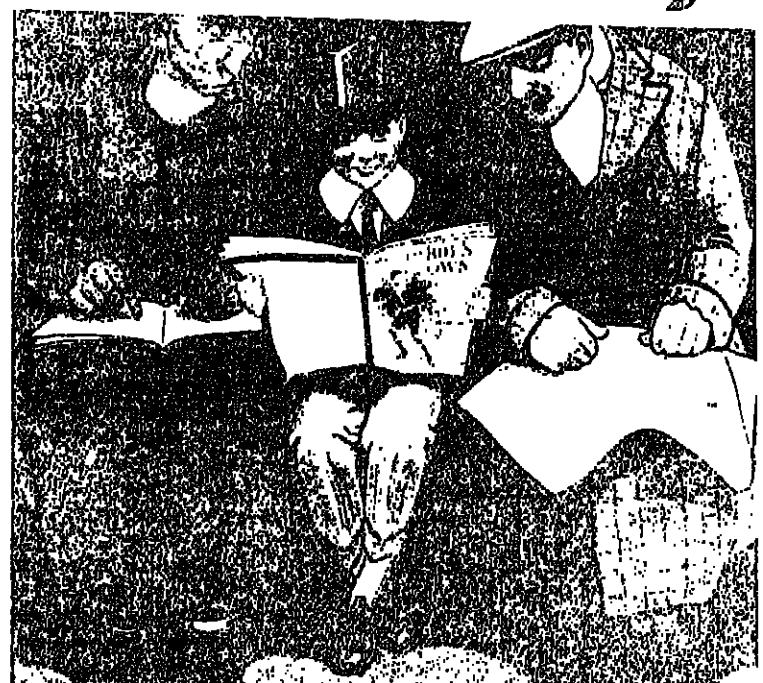
*I am supple and tough and they soon have enough
Who are doomed by their faults to be touched up by me.
I have plenty of spring and I know how to sting,
When at work you should hear how I whistle with glee.*

Sticks and canes tended to crop up in the most unlikely circumstances. When, in 1886, Jules Verne was shot and crippled by a deranged nephew, his loyal *B.O.P.* readers clubbed together and bought him a gold-mounted walking stick. I would dearly love to know whether the old boy gave his nephew six of the best with it before he was lugged off into durance vile.

THE **CORRESPONDENCE** columns were even dottier, adopting a positively tosy tone when dealing with "personal problems" or "bad habits": "Anxious. — Very sorry. But boys who do so kill all manhood and the intellect is never what it should be." When an ex-Naval Surgeon took to answering enquiries of this nature he did the best he could, short of ordering three dozen lashes: "Coffins are cheap," he told one wayward youth, "and boys like you are not much use in the world." Generally, though, Dr. Stables contented himself with advocating a cold tub and a brisk rub with a rough towel for practically any condition.

Even when boys led lives as pure as the driven snow, they fared little better. "It is extremely unlikely that Victor Hugo would answer any of your letters, even if we forwarded them," one poor unfortunate was curtly informed. "He has been dead for quite some years."

Boys will be boys



Alex Berlyne

The administration was just as idiosyncratic. All *B.O.P.* copy was filed in ancient tea-chests that were laboriously hauled about on trolleys from desk to desk, "some editorial staff being walled in by five or six at a time." These were prominently marked *B.O.P.* in capital letters but this was, in fact, a relic of the days when these primitive filing cabinets had contained Broken Orange Pekoe.

Eccentric though and through in the finest English tradition, the paper eventually became a Grand Old Institution that seemed to have been around for ever and strangers might have been forgiven for imagining that it had first published Magna Carta or commissioned Hamlet as a serial from young Bill Shakespeare. Even Elizabeth the Queen Mother read it and, at the paper's Golden Jubilee luncheon, prime minister Stanley Baldwin proposed the toast and was later photographed reading the current issue as he walked over Westminster Bridge.

This may explain a lot about the deterioration of British foreign policy, the rise of the dictators and even the Abdication. I suppose I should have declared an interest, as they say, much earlier but round our way in those inter-war years we all considered the *Boy's Own Paper* was read only by cissies.

THE **SUBTITLE** of Arthur Marshall's *Whimpering in the Rhododendrons: The Splendours and Miseries of the English Prep School* (Collins, £6.95) is something of a misnomer. More a catalogue of the horrors endured in these strange establishments, the book dwells on the bloodthirsty and cruel practices of schoolboy bullies, *enuresis nocturna*, unspeakable food, wildfire epidemics, heartless parents and eccentric staff who were frequently more blackguard than Evelyn Waugh's great comic creation, Captain Grimes.

Arthur Marshall, once a housemaster at Oundle, the creator of the BBC's "Nurse Dugdale," and author of that classic study of jolly schoolboys *Girls will be Girls*, has recently enlivened the columns of *Punch* and the British political weeklies with his inimitable columns. In *Whimpering in the Rhododendrons* he has collected an eye-

opening bunch of reminiscences of prep school life that are not only amusing but — even more important — informative far, as he points out, "Boys never tell their parents the truth about their school life."

The scope of the study may be gauged from Lord Berners' account of his school, Elmley, where a local copse that was a favourite spot for budding lepidopterists and entomologists, was dubbed — to the headmaster's horror and shame — "a bugger's paradise." Many years later, Berners revisited the school, where he had been far from happy. Everything was unchanged except that there was "an atmosphere of cheerfulness and carefree gaiety that had been noticeably missing in the old days." Then he discovered that the school was a school no longer and had become instead a private lunatic asylum.

TO SOME extent each was a sanatorium as well as an educational institution. Children's diseases often spread like wildfire through the schools and the head of St. Andrew's, Eastbourne, recorded in one Easter term 52 cases of measles, 53 of German measles and eight of chicken pox. Even when they were healthy, the children's dreadful diet required them to be purged regularly with Gregory Powder or Agarol. Dry crusts were often supplied for supper at Marshall's own preparatory school and these were "scrambled for as vigorously as *sans-culottes* disputing cabbage stalks in silent films on the French revolution." Hungry boys, he adds, "moodyly ate their tooth-paste."

Sometimes the first-hand accounts in the book recall one of the loonier episodes in Michael Palin and Terry Jones' TV series, *Ripping Yarns*. The Monty Python team's story of "Tomkinson's Schooldays" featured one Grayson, an elegant, disdainful, monocled figure wearing a top hat and morning dress who was said to have been the most successful bully in the school's history. "He had twice won the Public Schools Bullying Cup and last year beat the extraordinarily vicious Ackroyd of Charterhouse at a kick-in of fags at the Hurlingham Club."

Often the poor children of the rich could stand the beatings and the refined tortures inflicted on them no longer and, like Dickens' pathetic Smike, ran away. Marshall tells of one child who was returned to his housemaster.

"I've brought Douglas back," his mother announced. "Back?" said the startled teacher, who hadn't even noticed that he'd been missing since the previous day.

WHEN THE staff themselves weren't on the run from the Law they tended to be an unworried lot. The head of St. Andrew's, for example, encouraged the use of catapults by his boys because they "fostered coordination of hand and eye," with predictable results not only whenever a cab-horse ventured near the school but also for the entire sparrow population of Eastbourne.

Another headmaster took to his bed for six weeks "in order to revise the Psalms" and when he was ambulatory often began Morning Prayers with some such familiar exhortation as "Dear Lord, doubtless Thou knowest that in the *Daily Telegraph* this morning..." One old boy, who tended rather to live in the past, was chiefly remembered by his former pupils for "removing his jacket and waistcoat and sighing nervously before venturing to use the telephone." I don't doubt that the Israel telephone system would have reduced him to gibbering incoherence.

Disobeying could take other forms. One small boy wrote in his weekly letter home: "During Mass today while we were having Holy Communion, Father's trousers fell down. He tried to pull them up but he couldn't so he took them off." But they weren't all clumsy; Vernon Royle, the head of Stanmore Park, had been a notable cricketer in his day and, on one occasion, while dozing at cover point a black object hurtled towards him. He caught it and it turned out to be a passing swallow.

Stranger things could happen on the cricket pitch. One boy wrote to tell his parents that while Mr. Fraser was bowling, three large men had arrived in a black car and, though he made a run for it (apparently he'd been passing bad checks), they caught him and bundled him off in front of the assembled school. "We haven't seen him since."

Scholastically the staff frequently left a lot to be desired. You may get a whiff of the genuine prep school atmosphere in the explanation one master gave of his system of marking English papers. "Now the first essay was really quite good so I gave the boy nine out of ten," he said, "but then I came to Johnson's, which was at least two marks better, so I had to give him eleven out of ten."

This was said in all seriousness and is far funnier than the somewhat laboured attempts at humour that boys still winced at 30 years later. When some of the school damaged a neighbouring farm's well-chain and bucket, for instance, they were made to write out 500 lines: "I must let well alone." Punishment, though, was usually much more Draconian than lines or impositions. The great-uncle of W.G. Grace, one Alfred Pocock, even invented an ingenious steam-driven beating machine which had a dial that could be set to the number of strokes and the strength of the whacks desired.

ARTHUR MARSHALL devotes a section of the book to the incredible rudeness of the remarks that were often appended to school reports ("Geography: He does well to find his way home"). Mind you, these remarks are not always, well,

perceptive and over the years I've collected a number of examples that hardly do credit to the teaching profession.

A pupil at the Lycée d'Aix, for example, once got caught for composition and French Literature. His name was Emile Zola. Albert Einstein was turned down for admission to the Munich Technical Institute on the grounds that he "showed no promise," and a certain Maestro Prof. Francesco Basili rejected an application to study music at the Royal and Imperial Conservatoire in Milan because the young Giuseppe Verdi was "certain to prove mediocre." The editor of the *San Francisco Examiner* was even more specific when he sacked a young reporter in 1869. "I'm sorry, Mr. Kipling," he said, "but you just don't know how to use the English language."

In *Could Do Better: School Reports and Memories of the Famous* (Arrow, £1.00), Patrick Dickinson has assembled a glorious collection of false prophecy that would put Shabetai Zvi to shame and modestly or immodestly, depending how you look at it, begins with one of his own school reports that paradoxically enough turned out to be prescient as far as the anthology is concerned. "Where work is concerned," his Form Master wrote, "Patrick is happy to leave most of it to others."

Norman Wisdom contributed a typically cruel school report that said, "This boy is every inch a fool but, luckily for him, he's not very tall."

Frederick Forsyth, the novelist, was an absolute dunce at physics. After getting one and a half marks in an exam, something of a record, I imagine, he earned the comment, "This boy is trying. Excessively trying." Beryl Bainbridge, today one of Britain's leading novelists and the darling of the critics, made her teacher "wonder if she is simple-minded."

Not long ago, Godfrey Smith, *The Sunday Times* columnist, revealed that one of his end-of-term reports had contained the laconic statement: "Four per cent — effortlessly achieved." Some of his readers then contributed assessments from personal files in the armed forces. One report particularly impressed me with its awful brevity: "This officer conducts himself to his entire satisfaction."

The same sort of thing goes on in management, Smith revealed. One young executive drew a sort of double-barrelled insult: "He is so thick that even his colleagues have noticed." Another was damned with the faintest of praise: "He can usually catch a train of thought, but only by scrambling into the guard's van." One poor executive was assessed in terms that could equally apply to many of our leaders — both of the Left and of the Right: "He is fully capable of plucking disaster from the jaws of success." □

It is usual for "Post" editors to identify contributors in a few lines of italics, like these, at the end of the article. Alex Berlyne hardly ever read "The Boy's Own Paper" since his swapping card dealt almost exclusively with the "Wizard," "Skipper," "Hotspur," "Rover," "Adventure," "Magpie" and "Gem." He was educated at the preparatory school of Gilbert's Heber, situated in spacious premises over a beautifully appointed stable in Herbert Street, Manchester. Forty years ago, however, a school report described him as having "great potential." In the intervening period he has been far too busy to realise this promise but it is entirely possible that he still has great potential.

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Test-tube momma

WITH ALL due respect, Robert A. Heinlein has for a long time reminded me of the dead parrot in the classic Monty Python sketch. An "ex-parrot," having rung down the curtain and joined the choir invisible, it remained standing only by virtue of being nailed to the perch. Since the publication of *The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress* in 1966 Heinlein embarrases.

Yet his latest, *Friday* (New English Library, £3.95), isn't half-bad. In fact, it probably would have been published even if I had written it.

Friday is an old Heinlein-hand — the perennial competent. You met her great-grandparents and boss in that old Heinlein story, "Gulf." An artificial person ("My mother was a test-tube, my father was a knife"), Friday is a courier in the kind of super-secret agency we read about in *The Puppet Masters*.

This is a genuine Heinlein future, which means that people live in it. The background is inspired, if somewhat despairing. In a balkanized North America inter-racial war rages between sovereign vestiges and interlocked multinationals. One of the secondary heroes is a Free Quebecois; others hail from BritCan and the Chicago Imperium. For good measure, there are interstellar colonies, a beanstalk orbiting elevator, intercity subway tubes, and horse-driven buggies in place of internal combustion engines.

Heinlein *fashio* still abound. The ending's like the tail they pinned on the donkey, and the cuteness I've come to despise in Heinlein is still there. The endless gourmet meals depressed my Israeli palate no end, and the sexual openness of the main characters defied belief. One of Heinlein's asides left me wondering about the future of this country: "A dying culture invariably exhibits personal rudeness. Bad manners. Lack of consideration for others in minor matters. A loss of politeness, of gentle manners, is more significant than a riot." Heinlein's idea of hell is probably riding an Israeli bus during an eternal rush-hour. Repeat, o ye sinners! Megiddo is just up the street!

NOW FOR the quickies. Janet Morris's mammoth Kerrion Empire trilogy, *Dream Dancer*, *Cruiser Dreams*, and *Earth Dreams* (Berkley, \$2.75 each) didn't so much remind me of *Dune*, despite

Sheldon Teitelbaum

the cover blurb (today, any book over 750 pages is either another *Dune* or another *Lord of the Rings*), as of Clavell's *Shogun*. Our sweaty heroine Shebat is unwittingly adopted by a complex foreign culture that repays innocent blunder with death. Our concepts of good and evil change as societal motivations become clear. Unfortunately, Shebat never quite takes charge of her own destiny, even in minor matters. An otherwise intriguing series bolstered by an admirable prose style is flawed by an ineffectual heroine.

DARKO SUVIN'S *Metamorphoses of Science Fiction: On the Poetics and History of a Literary Genre* (Yale University Press, \$8.95) is probably the best thing ever written on the subject. He provides for the first time, a definition of the term SF that doesn't sound like an engineering manual and doesn't exclude anything.

"SF," he writes, "is a literary genre whose necessary and sufficient conditions are the presence and interaction of estrangement and a recognizable subject in an unfamiliar way and cognition (the posing of problems and exploration of where they lead), and whose main formal device is an imaginative framework alternative to the author's empirical environment." This is certainly better than saying "SF is what I mean when I point to a book and call it SF." The first half of this book should be required reading for any university course on the subject, and should also be used to demolish SF's critics.

HARRY HARRISON'S *Invasion Earth* (Ace \$2.75) is a really God-awful novella interspersed with some pretty neat drawings. The plot concerns a motley collection of aliens who invade the earth with the kind of simple-minded scam even a snake-oil dealer would sneer at. The reader catches on almost at once. Whether or not you have the patience for it depends on how abysmally bored you are. If you've already scanned the phonebook, you might flick through this novella.

MARK ROSE'S *Allen Encounters* (Harvard University Press) serves as an adequate supplement to Suvin's

Metamorphoses insofar as it provides the reader with an understanding of how genres are born, and what happens to them when they go stale. Which means that if the current vogue for "Sci-fi" and "High Fantasy" continues, fans will be well-advised to take up bowling (if they ever build an alley in this infernal country).

JOE HALDEMAN has been writing the same book over and over ever since he won kudos for *The Forever War* in 1974. Sadler still, that book was Haldeiman's reply to Heinlein's *Starship Troopers*, and utilized Heinlein plots and characters, albeit for different effect. News that he had teamed up with his brother Jack on a novel of fared hope of something new, but *There Is No Darkness* (Ace \$2.95) is the same old crap. A naive young Heinlein type hero enrolls with a starship university for an extended educational tour of the galaxy, and gets into hot water on one planet after another. Stick to the old Heinlein juveniles — they were more fun.

A BOOK edited by Tom Staicar *The Feminine Eye: Science Fiction and the Women Who Write It*, (Frederick Ungar, \$6.95) bothered me. The idea of measuring a woman writer by her commitment to feminist causes is unsound. The essays in this book nevertheless proceed to do so with nine outstanding women writers. In my humble male opinion, they do them a great disservice.

I'VE SAVED the best for last. Wayne Douglas Barlowe and Ian Summers have compiled *Barlowe's Guide to Extra-Terrestrials* (Workman Publishing, \$7.95). The result is one heck of a fun book. The E.T.s featured here in living colour against high quality paper represent the more memorable species inhabiting the novels we've come to admire. Accompanied by notes on physical characteristics, habitat, culture, and reproduction, they include among their ranks a Hoyle Black Cloud, a Herbert Gowachin, a Niven Puppeteer and Thrint, a Blish Lithian, a Clement Mesklinite, a Farmer Mother, a Clarke Overlord, and many many others. Few would make cuddly teddy bears, and some would probably tear your arm out of its socket as soon as look at you, but in the book, they're kinda friendly. The sentient planet Solaris does not fit into the comparative size chart in the middle, but there's a great picture of Barlowe, posing between a Pnume and a Salaman.

Light and leaden

HERE ARE two novels with almost identical plot elements, one written with insouciant lightness, the other ponderously pretentious. In each, protagonists include siblings caught in a web of forbidden love, hot-tempered grandfathers who mysteriously die in fires and frustrated suitors seeking revenge.

In *The Judas Kiss* Victoria Holt weaves these rough elements into a romantic suspense story. Two beautiful sisters reared in England by a sadistic, tyrannical grandfather flee to Bavaria where they marry grand dukes — much to the chagrin of royal contenders in the tiny kingdom. Soaring castles and con-

THE JUDAS KISS by Victoria Holt. New York, Doubleday, 404 pp. \$12.95.

A GREEN DESIRE by Anton Myrer. New York, Putnam, 539 pp. \$14.95.

Jennie Tarabulus

tented peasants in thatched cottages abound in fairy-tale nostalgia, spiked by titillating love — the favourite fare of readers of slick women's magazines. This is Holt's twentieth novel, and no wonder.

ANTON MYRER, who wrote *The Last Convertible*, is far less success-

ful in his latest novel. *A Green Desire* presumes to analyze American society in the Twenties and Thirties through two brothers whose lives symbolize success gained by honest, hard work or by ruthless charm. Brought up separately — one by a wealthy aunt in Boston and the other by his destitute mother in a drab New England town, both lust for a fiery Portuguese girl brought up by her fisherman grandfather on Cape Cod. Escapades of the roaring Twenties with high dives into pools and bootleg drinking parties wind up with a Carmen-type dagger ending.

Myrer may have meant to write a serious sociological novel of pre- and post-Depression America, but his sloppy writing produces a half-baked melodrama unfit for intellectual consumption.

Pros and amateurs

SOME PEOPLE are drawn to certain vocations by a belief in professionalism — or at least competence developed through practice: many others are drawn by passion, greed or accident. Anyone in the local pub has an opinion about teaching, certain kinds of medicine, journalism, is certain he or she could do better at it. Religion, too, seems to attract its share of amateurs and charlatans.

Crime also has its professionals and its amateurs. The professionals — on both sides of the fence — respect the rules of the game, and know that they are in it because they have been brought up in traditions that justify whatever it is they have to do in order to succeed at it. Mario Puzo's *The Godfather*, for example, made it clear that the Mafia could just as easily run a factory producing underwear as a racket of the kind we associate with them. For the Don Corleone family, crime isn't immoral, it's illegal, and what's illegal for the ruling class is necessary for the underclass.

JIMMY BRESLIN is one of the best-known newspapermen in America. He belongs to a Runyonesque, Ben Hecht tradition. Last summer he ran a series of stories about homeless people living in cardboard boxes underneath highway tunnels in downtown New York. It was a shocking story for the readers of *The New York Times*, who encountered it in their paper after Breslin had printed his story in *The New York Daily News* — one of the great yellow press tabloids.

Jimmy Breslin knows New York City where, the cliché asserts, there are as many stories as people living there. Thomas Berger keeps his distance from New York. His territory is either the modern suburb or the small town of America. Like Breslin, his ear is finely tuned to the idiom of his turf. And while Berger does not write journalism, there's no doubt that, if he did, his stories

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS by Jimmy Breslin. London and Sydney, MacDonall, 431 pp. £8.95

SNEAKY PEOPLE by Thomas Berger. New York, Delta/Seymour Lawrence, 315 pp. \$7.95

Robert Rosenberg

would ring with the clear authenticity of Breslin's. Both men recently brought out books whose ostensible subject is crime but which study the topography and idiom of their characters.

Breslin has undertaken to write a New York version of *Romeo and Juliet*. This has already been done many times. *West Side Story* was too sweet, indeed too saccharine, for anybody who knew the neighbourhoods from which the story drew its inspiration. *Forsaking all Others* is not so tame.

The story, on the face of it, is simple. A young Puerto Rican tries to take over the Italian mob's heroin market in the jungles of the South Bronx. His friend and the daughter of the Italian boss, meanwhile, fall in love, forbidden love. This is the crime part but the real story told by Breslin is that New York has become a city of two languages — English and Spanish — and that people in New York hardly ever understand each other, unless they have the same background or profession.

BERGER'S BOOK is also about short circuits in communication. Ostensibly it is the story of a used car dealer in the midwest, during the Depression, who decides to have his wife killed so that he can live happily ever after with his mistress.

But actually, as the title so baldly says, it is about sneaky people who deliberately choose to hide the truth from one another. Indeed, the only time anybody in this story tells the truth, he is immediately punished. Of course, in the end, Berger's

morality tale is not so subtle, for those who live and connive, deceive and pretend, get their just rewards.

THE BRESLIN story is not about deceit. Nobody deliberately hides anything — except heroin, several bodies, adultery and, yes, emotions. People speak in languages clear to those from the same background, the same strata of society, and yet are so strange, so different, to others. Even when the Puerto Ricans speak English, their metaphors and phraseology and their idiom are almost nonsensical to the Italians, who hate them. And the fears that derive from that misunderstanding, the paranoia developed from that xenophobia and prejudice, ultimately lead to such mass tragedies as heroin trade and arson in the Bronx, or the private and stupid tragedies of lovers forced to conceal their love.

It was by chance that I read these two books over the same week-end. At first glance they are from two different worlds; one belongs to the world of slums and heroin of the late 1970s, the other to a much smaller world of small towns and small crimes, in the 1930s of the Midwest. But as the two stories — Breslin's would be called "major", Berger's "minor" — revolved in my mind, I understood that they are connected by strands of deceit and misunderstanding and crime.

Taught to achieve private fantasies at almost any cost, Americans are firm believers in the contradiction of making it by hard work and/or the big fix. Criminals, of course, no matter how hard-working at their craft (as professional crooks are) are after the big pot. The amateur, palms sweaty and heart thumping, embezzles the thousand dollars needed to get out of hock to the finance company. The professional murders an opponent, an informer or a subordinate, and hopes that with that one action the record will be, if not clean, then at least fresh. Breslin's book is about the professionals and the innocents caught up in that tragedy. Berger's is about the amateurs, and how nobody is really innocent. I recommend both books.

Murder round-up

Benny Morris

FOR ANYONE interested in the ethnic, Tony Hillerman's *The Dark Wind* (Avon, \$2.50) is bang on. Sergeant Jim Chee of the Navajo Tribal Police sets out to track down cocaine smugglers in Navajo land, in the American Southwest, after a bootless corpse — skin peeled off hands and feet — has been found behind a boulder.

The deeper we penetrate the mystery, the greater our immersion in Navajo life, legend and beliefs. The book abounds in passages like the following: "Very soon it will be time for the kachinas to leave this Earth Surface World and go back to their home in the San Francisco Peaks. When we deliver this spruce back to our kivas, it will be used to prepare for the Going Home Dance to honour them. For days it will be very busy in the kivas. The prayers will be planned. The pahos to be made..." and so on. Competently written and well-paced.

AWFUL IN almost every way is Sol Yurick's *Richard A.* (Avon, \$3.50), an attempt at a technocratic thriller, in which a group of communications buffs penetrate the secrets of Mother Bell and latch on to the telephones of America's mighty, from the President through CIA chiefs and politicians, down to high-powered courtiers and street-level secret agents.

Pages are devoted to the philosophy of communications technology, to the mad thoughts and still madder dreams of CIA apparatchiks, and to first-class bad writing.

THEODORE WILDEN'S *The Exchange* (Fontana, £1.75) is much better, if hardly top-rate. A privately hired agent, sent by Queeney (working for Elizabeth II, who else?), tries to stop a spy prisoner exchange in Berlin, and blunders

into corpses, general trickery, and a lot of heavy scenes.

The story doesn't grip but has its moments. Queeney's agent stumbles on the corpses of a beautiful lady and of Nighton, another British agent, in Nighton's apartment.

Motley (a sidekick of the herol seemed "rather more agitated than I would have expected."

"Was she Nighton's mistress?"
"Yes."
"For long?"
"No. Few months."
"What was her name?"
"Michaela."
"German?"

"Irish."
"What was her surname?"
"Motley."
I gaped at him.
"She was my wife."

RICHARD CONDON, who once wrote a very good thriller, *The Manchurian Candidate*, in recent years has had a feminist bee in his bonnet. Feminism was an underlying theme of his previous book, *The Evening*, and feminism, albeit much feminism, is the essence of *Prizzi's Honour* (Hamlyn, £1.75), his latest.

Charley Partanna, the oafish Mafia enforcer, meets up with lovely Irene Welker, who turns out to be a top-notch hitman and Mafia subcontractor. They are set on a collision course when Irene takes the Cosa Nostra for 700 grand, and Charley must decide between his love and his loyalty to the old firm.

"He felt like somebody had handed him an armful of dead fish," is how Charley puts his predicament.

Occasionally, Condon comes up with a good line: "He used to be in the old Detroit outfit, all slob. He ate opium like it was the breakfast of champions."

But mostly it's pretty much downhill, and what passes for the comic could put to sleep a laughing hyena.

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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